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JOHN BULL

Vol. XI. No. 274. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1911. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page ii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

SOME OF THE FEATURES
OF THIS WEEK'S
"MRS. BULL."
(THE Woman's Paper)

Editorial Notes — for Women Only.

The Marriage Problem.

Some Incidents in the Life of a Hospital Nurse.

Cameos of Truth Concerning Women.

Fire in Stubble
(Baroness Orczy's Great New Serial)

and many other interesting features.

SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENT COUPON.

Available until SEPTEMBER 6. See page 337.

FURNITURE,
—SECONDHAND—
IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE.

The NEWMAN and OXFORD STREET FURNITURE and ANTIQUE DEPOSITORIES (Ltd.) OFFER the FOLLOWING GENERAL HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS, including DRAWING-ROOM, DINING-ROOM, and BED-ROOM FURNITURE, PLATE, LINEN, CARPETS, PIANOS, etc., etc., removed from Marlborough Place (Brighton), Lissenden Gardens (Highgate), Dover Road (Blackheath), Belgrave Square, S.W., 1, Hyde Park Place, W., Theobald's Park, and elsewhere: Magnificent pieces of furniture, half the original cost. No reasonable offer will be refused. The following are some of the bargains obtainable:

The BED-ROOM FURNITURE comprises: Iron bedsteads, from 9s.; black and brass bedsteads, from 10s.; full-size black and brass bedstead, 11s.; 4ft. 6in. oak bedstead, with wire mattress, 30s.; 10 oak bedsteads, 14s. 6d.; very fine pair brass twin bedsteads, £4 10s.; large-size mahogany bedstead, inlaid, with wire mattress, £3 10s.; all-brass bedstead, full size, £2 7s. 6d.; pair mahogany twin bedsteads, fitted with wire mattresses, £2 19s. 6d.; pair all-brass Italian bedsteads, £6 10s.; a square tube all-brass Italian bedstead, £8 8s.; and several others up to 20 guineas; several white-enamelled bed-room suites, from £4 5s.; oak bedroom suites £4 10s. three solid oak bedroom suites, with side cheval glasses to dressing-table, £5 5s. each; satin-walnut bed-room suite, with cheval wings to dressing-table, £6 10s.; a walnut bed-room suite, £7 5s.; an inlaid Sheraton design bed-room suite £7 10s.; a similar suite, £10 10s.; 4ft. 6in. inlaid Sheraton design bedroom suite, £11 11s.; 5ft. inlaid Sheraton design bed-room suite, £18 18s.; 5ft. mahogany bed-room suite, £19 19s.; 6ft. Sheraton design bed-room suite, 24 guineas; 6ft. mahogany bed-room suite, 27 guineas; 6ft. walnut bed-room suite, 22 guineas; 7ft. inlaid suite, 40 guineas; 7ft. Louis bed-room suite, most exquisite design, 80 guineas; six inlaid Sheraton design chests, from £2 2s. each; 6ft. walnut wardrobe, 15 guineas; 16in. walnut boot-stand, 21s. 2ft. 6in. Empire mahogany washstand and writing-table combined, 60s.; 4ft. 6in. burr walnut hanging wardrobe.

The DINING-ROOM FURNITURE comprises: Most massive, Elizabethan design dining-room set, consisting of sideboard, overmantel, and suite upholstered in red leather, £15 15s.; 7ft. mahogany sideboard, £9 10s.; 20 old-design dining-room chairs, upholstered in real morocco, £1 1s. each; magnificent solid oak dining-room set, £9 10s.; oak suite, upholstered in green pegamoid, £3 15s.; sideboard to match, £7 7s. overmantel, 45s.; Chippendale dining-room set, £10 10s.; Queen Anne mahogany dining-room set, £7 18s. 6d.; solid oak sideboard, £3 10s.; 20ft. extending dining-table, £5 5s.; fumed-oak dining-room set, consisting of sideboards, six chairs, two carved chairs, overmantel, rug, etc., will accept £13 13s. lot; a most superb Chesterfield and two club large easy chairs, upholstered in green leather, £14 14s. set; a Sheraton design sideboard, £5 15s.; mahogany bookcase, £2 18s. 6d.; mahogany writing bureau, 32s. 6d.; several overmantels, from 15s.; about 20 dining-tables, extending different lengths, from 17s.6d.; about 50 odd dining-room chairs, all to be sold with no reserve; 20in. inlaid mahogany revolving bookcase, 45s.; 4ft. 6in. walnut pedestal cylinder writing-table, £9 15s.

The DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE comprises: Very fine drawing-room suite, £2 10s.; another elaborate drawing-room suite, £5 15s.; satin-wood drawing-room suite, £6 10s.; Sheraton design drawing-room suite, £7 10s.; most elegant French design drawing-room suite, Louis XIV., upholstered in French tapestry, £19 19s.; Chesterfield drawing-room suite, most exquisite design, £17 17s.; set of Dutch marqueterie inlaid chairs, £14 14s.; most elegant Vernis Martin cabinet, £18 18s.; another one, £10 10s.; buhl cabinet, £12 12s.; table ensuite, £8 8s.; large Chesterfield, upholstered in silk, £6 6s.; two Chesterfields, £2 10s. each; Chippendale occasional tables, from 10s. 6d.; Sheraton design cabinet, £2 10s.; oval gilt table, £10 10s.; pair 9-light candelabras, 6gns.; pair 5-light candelabras, 10gns.; clock in ormolu case, 10gns.; Chippendale design cabinet, £5 10s.; two white enamelled overmantels, 18s. 6d. each; elegant piano, £7 10s.; an upright grand piano, mahogany case, nearly new, with iron frame, £12 12s.; grand pianos by Steinway, Bechstein, Bluthner, Collard and Collard, etc.; about 50 reversible carpets, from 7s.; tapestry carpets, with border, from 14s. 6d.; also some elegant Brussels carpets, Axminster carpets, etc., from 18s. 6d. each; Mirzapore, Turkey, and Oriental carpets and rugs to match, from £2 10s. each; about 10 very large Axminster-Wilton carpets, from £5 5s. (worth considerably more). Great quantity of Hall Furniture. Also about six roll-top desks, from £4 7s. 6d. each; also quantity of Library and Office Furniture, about 20 vols. of books, large quantity of electro-plate, china, glass, cutlery, kitchen utensils, lace curtains, bed and table linen, etc. Country buyers should call and inspect these goods. All goods delivered, town or country, free of charge, or can remain stored free for 12 months. All goods can be seen where they are now lying, for the convenience of sale, any day, from nine till nine, except Saturday, when we close at seven, at

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The following claims have been received for our issue of July 22nd:—

A. A. NEUSS, 81, Franciscan Road, Tooting Bec Common. No. 565,897. July 22nd.

W. THOMAS, 19, Longbridge Road, Barking. No. 603,333. July 22nd.

H. F. GAYDON, 4, Ramillies Road, Bedford Park, W. No. 23,066. July 22nd.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of August 5th:—

3932	143394	354998	508212	652319
10805	149125	376724	518997	717214
18874	190694	391098	529565	727419
47221	217605	407915	544779	744739
66878	243720	414690	552319	778583
86406	264296	425833	605495	818083
101110	299273	466464	616861	843412
107963	305078	481662	621657	845549
117690	312920	495280	638817	879832
125888	325728	502825	647603	883225

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED SEPTEMBER 30TH (PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 28TH).

The John Bull League.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

The General Secretary,
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member and send me a Membership Badge, for which I enclose P.O. for 6d.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

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Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XI. No. 274. Saturday, September 2nd, 1911. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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TO READERS ABROAD.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

AN ADMISSION.

Last week, in dealing with the strike and the Constitutional crisis, we dwelt upon the utter impotence of our present political system to deal with the stern reality of industrial strife. Let us just quote from no less partisan a journal than the *Daily News* a remarkable confirmation of our own view. This is what it said the other day, in describing the discussion in the House of Commons upon the railway strike: "The Government—*possibly taken by surprise*, for the Cabinet HAD BEEN THINKING OF THE PARLIAMENT BILL—is NOW fully alive to the actualities of the industrial situation." What do you think of that—from a Government organ? Just reflect. The Ministry, comprising all the heads of all the great departments of State, so absorbed in the ridiculous Parliament Bill as to be "taken by surprise" at what every man of business has seen coming for months past, and boasting that it is "*now* alive to the actualities of the situation"! We thank the *Daily News* for this interesting contribution to the literature of Business Government.

THE STRIKE ENQUIRY.

We are not impressed by the constitution of the Commission, and we shall be surprised if either men or masters treat its decision with much reverence. We again ask—what is the matter with *Parliament*, that it should not settle the dispute?

MARKING TIME.

Indeed, there are ample signs that the Labour men who count—not your Keir Hardies and Ramsay Macdonalds, but men like Lansbury and Tillett—are simply marking time till the "findings" of the Commission are announced. Shrewd fellows, they know that the Commission is all bluff, and that an increase of wages based upon increased railway fares and rates, leading to increased prices, is too Gilbertian a "Settlement" to be regarded seriously. Verily the day of the Business Government is drawing near.

ONE FOR MR. LLOYD GEORGE!

A learned reader informs us that the epithet "cheater" is derived from "escheator," or officer of the King's Exchequer appointed to receive dues and taxes. He considers that the modern corruption of the word is quite justified by the trend of recent legislation. But then he is a hardened old Tory!

P.C. GREAVES.

This "resignation" of P.C. Greaves is a bad bit of police business. We predicted, at the time of the Morrison trial, that Greaves had effectively spoilt all chance of promotion—and there can be no doubt that he has been jockeyed out of the force.

THE LEAGUE AT PLAY.

The John Bull League will soon be actively at work again, and verily there is plenty for it to do. It is said that the Hour always produces the Man; it has certainly produced the League, and in about a month's time its second winter campaign will be in full swing. Meanwhile, there will be a social re-union of members, at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday, September 30th—concluding with a mass meeting in the Central Transept in the evening—when we shall expound its programme and policy in relation to the Industrial and Political situation.

THE DURBAR.

We hope the Government will either abandon or defer the Durbar. Native races are said to love gorgeous ceremonial, but the Indians are not quite such children as to welcome the expenditure of a million of money on a pageant, when famine is stalking the land, and disaffection is rife in every province. Nor would it be quite fair to the King to force this ceremony upon him in existing circumstances.

NOT BAD.

The accounts of John Bull Limited, made up to December 31st last, show a balance of undivided profit—after paying the Preference dividend, writing off the balance of Preliminary Expenses, and about £10,000 of Advertising—of nearly £17,000; whilst the Trading Profit for the first half of the present year is double that for the same period of 1910. Not bad in these hard times!

The 2nd Snobs.

A rather belated story of unmitigated snobbery reaches us from Neyland in Pembrokeshire. A few weeks ago a Haverfordwest cricket team played a return match with the 2nd Welsh Regiment, who, by the etiquette of the occasion, entertained their opponents at tea. On entering the pavilion, however, the Haverfordwest team were informed that their tea was laid outside with the non-commissioned officers and privates—a piece of snobbery made all the more offensive by the fact that the pavilion of which the regimental officers and their guests—"well-known county ladies and gentleman"—took exclusive possession was the property of the Haverfordwest Cricket Club. Our advice to the club is that for the future they should give the 2nd Snobs a bye.

The Club and the Pub.

From information received, as the policeman says, the population of Hawick, in Scotland, is 18,000. Out of this about 2,000—or more than a third of the adult male population—are members of one or the other of six or seven clubs. For a shilling a year, therefore, a man may stay in a Hawick pub until 10 o'clock, and then go to his club and drink as much as he pleases for the rest of the night. If he simply did this, however, the publican would have little to complain about. What he does is to join the club and desert the pub, though the club is obviously a pub authorised to evade the Licensing Acts. It should also be remembered that the club has the further advantage over the pub that it is free of the extra licence duty. A genuine working man's club is one thing, but a licensed drinking den is quite another.

A Territorial Growl.

Several members of "A" Company 7th Hants Regiment complain of the insufficient food supply at Lulwood Camp. A day's rations, it seems, consisted of ½lb. of bread, 2 ozs. of cheese, ½lb. of beef, four small potatoes (half of which were rotten), and a pint of weak tea. These Territorials have our sympathy, but they should realise that we have in office a practical Government, which is preparing the citizen soldiers for war service—when they will have to exist on dog biscuits.

Sapient Stars.

We are not out and out believers in astrology, but we should like to have an explanation of the coincidence that on Wednesday, Aug. 16th, at midnight, there was a conjunction of the two malevolent planets Saturn and Mars, and this has been followed by the inauguration of a labour disturbance which may ultimately plunge the country in civil war. We are not in the habit of studying the skies except for the purpose of seeing whether it would be wise to carry an umbrella. But when on a bright moonlight night in the vicinity of the moon we saw those two malevolent planets, one red and the other almost green, looking very evil indeed, we did almost feel inclined to put two and two together and augur trouble. We have so many readers, that surely there must be amongst them two or three gathered together who still cherish a belief which is older than Christianity. Will they kindly lighten our darkness and inform us what the conjunction of Mars and Saturn had to do with the strike and how soon the effect will wear off?

Quis cus. ipsos cus.?

It is most discreditable to the soldiers drafted into Nottingham to assist the police in dealing with the railway riots that so many of their number have had to be taken to the Guildhall "drunk and disorderly" and handed over to the military police. If soldiers give rein to licence in times of tumult and disorder, on whom shall we depend?

Crow's Cure for Street Noises.

Jim Crow has just developed a very bad attack of nerves, probably the consequence of his long abstinence from alcohol. He cannot stand any noise in the street, and he finds that the more he remonstrates with small boys who play the game of the runaway ring, the more he throws cups of cold water upon children who invade his small garden to pick his hollyhocks, the more he tries to discourage the milkman from conversational amenities with his cook, the more mischievously do the beggars persist in their hullabaloos. He tried putting up a huge board outside his house enjoining "SILENCE," just as you see at the back of a theatre during a dress-rehearsal, but that only attracted a crowd. So now he has had recourse to the simple, but very efficacious, plan of putting straw down in the street. There is a great respect for supposititious sickness even amongst organ-grinders, and now he lives in an atmosphere of silence, which, like a hat, can be felt.

Canadian Loyalty.

A Canadian correspondent tells us about his experience at a picture show. The Coronation Procession was cheered to the echo. Then came a battle between Yankees and Englishmen, with the conclusion that the Union Jack was torn down and trampled upon, while the Stars and Stripes were waved aloft. Only about a dozen of the audience cheered this ridiculous piece of imaginative improbability. But our correspondent is very angry that such a show should have been permitted on British soil. We can think of so many answers for the relief of his anxiety that we scarcely know where to begin. Why on earth should we care? Again, we are to remember that Canadians often insert in their advertisements "No English need apply," and we are quite reconciled to the fact that they prefer Chinamen and Italians as their servants. Why do people make such a fuss about trifles?

Advance, Australia!

We are almost overwhelmed by the correspondence of dissatisfied Canadian immigrants. So now we will give Australia a turn, for a change. Here is the experience of a married couple who went out there to pick up gold and silver. They accepted a position some 400 miles from Melbourne, the wife to cook for three persons and the husband to be "generally useful." They paid over £3 for their fares, and 8s. for food on the way. After driving twenty-four miles from the station in clouds of dust, they found that the wife had to cook for twelve men and do all the housework. They were kept for a month until the busy time was over, and then quietly told that they could go. Nothing was paid towards their expenses either way, and when they returned to Melbourne they found that they were actually losers by their experience, in other words, that they had given one month's hard labour for less than nothing, not to mention £1 7s. 10d. for medicine as a consequence of the trip. No wonder they are beginning to talk about "wanting to get back to dear old England once more." They might be likened unto the leading lady who attends rehearsals for nothing during six weeks, and then is summarily dismissed with a curse just before the first night of the play.

Time, Gents, Please!

Mrs. O'Brien, no relation to the historic personage who declined to wear his trousers, has been summoned at Dublin, and fined 20s. for keeping open her licensed premises "two minutes after the legal hour," to wit, 10 o'clock. This proves what an awfully particular people the Irish police are. They insist that a man who becomes terribly thirsty at 9.59 must swallow his drink by 10 o'clock prompt even if he chokes. Surely another injustice to Ireland.

FROM DUBLIN TO CHELMSFORD.

Not that all the queer things happen in Dublin, for Mr. Arthur King, of the Queen's Head, Chelmsford, has been brought before the local magistrates for permitting a child under 14 to be inside his bar. The fact of it is, "Sergeant Wood said he saw the boy sitting on the window-sill of a room adjoining the bar, his right leg being inside the bar and his left leg outside the bar," the defensive explanation being that the lad had climbed on the sill so that his mother could hand him a sponge cake. In the circumstances, therefore, an apparently sensible bench of magistrates had no alternative but to discharge the publican without a stain on his escutcheon. It must have been different in the old days, if we rightly remember the story of the burglar who pleaded that only his head was in the premises at the time of his arrest. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the learned judge, "you have heard what the prisoner says. I withdraw his legs from your consideration, assuring you that if you find his head guilty only his head will be hanged."

A LOWESTOFT MAGISTRATE.

During a recent production of certain plans of alterations on behalf of a firm of brewers at the Lowestoft Police Court, Mr. Adams, a magistrate, became offensive to the Mayor on his worship intimating that the majority of the magistrates agreed to the plans. "You can do as you like, Mr. Mayor," he said. "Thank God, you won't reign for ever." Though Mr. Adams is now a rabid teetotaler and much given to local preaching, we are told there was a time when he did not look with so jaundiced an eye upon "the cursed drink traffic." The Mayor of Lowestoft, whom he gratuitously assailed, has the reputation of being a philanthropic gentleman within his means. In his relations with his worship, therefore, even a magistrate with a teetotal palate is not relieved from the obligations of a decent tongue.

SHERIFF CAMPBELL SMITH.

We gather that the Secretary for Scotland has had enough of Sheriff Campbell Smith and his methods of administering justice at Dundee. The learned gentleman is to be considered under the Sheriff Courts Scotland Act, section 15, which provides that a salaried Sheriff Substitute shall be removable from his office in case of inability or misbehaviour. After all, it is rather a long time since Mr. Campbell Smith was born. At 83 even a Sheriff Substitute need not feel surprised that he is rather too old to go to work.

PURITANISM IN THE MILK JUG.

Though the Llanrwst Urban Council are unable to see their way to stop the sale of newspapers on Sundays, they have decided to call upon local dairymen to complete their Sunday delivery of milk by 9.30 a.m. on the representation of a Nonconformist Committee. We dare say people ask for a great many things in Llanrwst they don't get, and this will probably be one of them. Think of a public authority sitting from 6.30 to 9 discussing these cantingarian doctrines, and then, suddenly discovering what o'clock it was, adjourning until the next meeting consideration of two important schemes for sewage disposal, and bolting home! Seems to us, Llanrwst does not deserve any Sunday milk at all. It should be kept religiously abstemious until Monday morning.

A NAVAL TRADE UNION.

A committee of Naval men forward us a scheme for a lower deck union, and ask that we will give it publicity. Things are moving surely! We suppose the military forces will come along shortly with a Trade Union scheme. Where will the Home Office be then?

A GLEAM OF COLD STEEL.

When P.-c. Kite was going his rounds in Brixton the other night he saw a man wriggling through the window of an empty house. As he approached he saw the man "draw something which shone from his pocket." He therefore drew his truncheon, hit the fellow on the head, and the gleaming weapon turned out to be a screwdriver! From questions put by the magistrate to the constable, we gather that he only intended to strike the burglar's arm, but his head got in the way at the crucial moment. He was told that he "should be more careful," and that he had "no business to hit anyone on the head, and should aim better." Legally there is no disputing the doctrine that the fact of a man cracking a crib is no excuse for a policeman cracking his head, but the moral law appears to have been long ago settled, at any rate to the plastic mind of P.-c. Kite, in the touching lines of the deathless poet, "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just, but four times he who gets his blow in fust."

"SCALLYWAGS AND ROTTERS."

Here is a copy of a circular letter which has been forwarded to the men of the 6th Battalion City of London Rifles. Intending recruits will perhaps note that should a combination of circumstances prevent them going through their musketry course they are "riff-raff, scallywags and rotters":—

> "G" and "H" Companies look like being bad shooting companies when camp begins, thanks to 16 of "G" and 12 of "H" Company either not having attended at Rainham at all for musketry this year, or else not having completed the annual course. The Battalion, on the whole, has given me admirable support during this year, and now it seems that we have completed the musketry of all except the riff-raff of the Battalion, or in other words the "Scallywags" and "Rotters."
>
> You still have the opportunity of avoiding being classed amongst these by attending at Rainham next Monday or Wednesday (July 31st and August 2nd).
>
> No business engagement is sufficient excuse for a want of self-sacrifice for the credit of yourselves, your Company and the Battalion to which you have the honour to belong.
>
> (Signed) L. P. COCKERELL,
> Captain and Adjutant,
> 6th Battalion City of London Rifles.
>
> Headquarters,
> 57a, Farringdon Road.
> July 28th, 1911.

We should very much like to read an active service report of the enemy by Captain Cockerell. It should be "hot stuff."

DECADENCE.

In the opinion of one of our expensive contemporaries, "a pathetic sign of the decadent times in Merrie England is the cry for water." But people *must* have something to put in their whisky.

DEBTS OF A KING.

Our young friend the ex-King Manoel, now rusticating in Richmond, has evidently been going it. The debts of this sparkling youth, as estimated by the Portuguese Government, amount to £2,000,000, while his property in Portugal is worth only £1,000,000. But what about his debts over here? According to rumour, he *is* a-going it.

ANOTHER STRIKE.

Now the golf caddies of Bray, in Ireland, have gone on strike. We hope they won't strike with their clubs.

MINSTERLEY AND ITS VICAR.

Apropos of the unique notices which the vicar of Minsterley posts upon his church doors for the mild chastening of his parishioners, we are glad to learn that he takes our recent remarks upon them with such good grace. "If," he says, in heaping coals of fire on our head by much verbal kindness, "the editor of JOHN BULL did but know this poor vicar of Minsterley he would soon alter his opinion of that abused individual." That seems not at all unlikely; but as we have not this personal acquaintance for the present, we must make shift by vouchsafing unto him our sympathy and our blessing in having to keep a benefice instead of having a benefice to keep him. The net value, he tells us, is £87 net, and he has been vegetating at Minsterley for 20 years. Let him not be downhearted, however. When he becomes Archbishop of Canterbury his salary will be raised to £15,000 per annum and a lovely palace.

ANOTHER CHURCH NOTICE.

Meanwhile here is another of our rev. friend's notices: "1.—The seats at the top of the church have been thoroughly tested. They are quite sound, and capable of holding *you*. 2.—It is quite lawful for every member of the congregation to join in the singing and responses. 3.—Every communicant is welcome to come whenever the Communion is celebrated. 4.—Pennies are quite useful and acceptable in the collections (if you honestly cannot afford more—God knows, and very often the persons next to you when they see what you put in the plate), provided there are sufficient every Sunday to meet the necessary expenses. In this church we require an average of 150 every Sunday." All said, a vicar who is a humorist must have his heart in the right place, and we are sorry if we have hurt him, even by a pin-prick. Happily, the light-hearted way he has taken it is an assurance we haven't shed much of his blood.

HAVE MERCY UPON US.

We are always in trouble. During the police court hearing of a case in which Mrs. Mary Foote, a New Zealand lady, is prosecuting a woman named Campbell, of South Side, Clapham Common, for obtaining from her £150 with intent to cheat and defraud, it was given in evidence that the woman professed to Mrs. Foote that she was owner of successful racehorses. Mr. Plowden: "Did she say where her stables were situate?" Mrs. Foote: "She told me Mr. Horatio Bottomley was looking after her horses." There must be a joke concealed somewhere in this reply, because the veracious reporter adds "laughter," in brackets. On terms, we wouldn't mind looking after Mrs. Campbell's horses if she had any, and they were capable of winning a little race, but up to now we have not seen them, and without desiring to prejudice the case, we don't believe anybody else has either. But perhaps Mrs. Campbell did not say anything of the kind.

THE SALARY COLOSSAL.

The music hall managers, London and Provincial, are again tearing their hair and beating their breasts at the continual rise in artistes' salaries. Even when they get all their hair off and their breasts are black and blue, there will still remain this simple little question to settle—however high the salaries may be, are they or are they not worth them? If they are—well, there you are; if they are not—well, it is a business proposition.

BLESSED ARE THE POOR.

We observe that the Rev. Canon Brookes, Chairman of the Standing Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, has just gone to Heaven, leaving upwards of £70,000 of personal estate. What a lot of Gospel he might have propagated with that money!

THE JUDGE WHO NEVER DID.

This is in grateful memory of Judge Willis. Probably there never was a good Baptist who was a better common-law lawyer, and though he never borrowed money, never used a telephone, never rode in a tube, never saw a horse race, never gambled a ha'penny, never ran into debt, never worried about a squealing baby, never knew anything about "oof," and never ceased to say his prayers, he was a very kind-hearted, very clean living, and very well-meaning man and judge for all that—sifting his humour through a medium which, on account of the real simplicity and puritan cast of his mind, might often appear to be the thinnest of mental vapour. But Judge Willis was in truth, wise with the old-fashioned wisdom. His antipathies, like his friendships, were many, but his sincerity was unquestionable, and we are sorry he has gone.

MORE CHURCH CONVERTS.

We observe that the Dean of Norwich is the latest convert to the Business Government. In a recent letter to *The Times* he maintains that national progress is impeded by Party strife and calls "for a leader in a new crusade who will organise a non-Party national army of men and women with grand ideals and with determination for national service." We must make the Dean a Vice-President of the League.

A MILITARY MARTINET.

Some few days ago our Special Commissioner was in Aldershot, and thought he would accompany one of the regiments on a field day. The heaviest article he carried was a stout walking-stick, while each man of the battalion carried full pack, weighing something like 48 lbs. After marching about five miles a halt was made, and the men eagerly snatched a drink from their water bottles, and much they needed it, for the heat was terrible. The troops in the centre of the battalion, seeing the foremost troops drinking, naturally concluded that the order had been passed down. Whether that order had been passed down or not we cannot tell, but what we are told is that the officer commanding one of the centre companies—a captain of very youthful appearance—completely lost his temper, and placed several non-commissioned officers and men under arrest sfor drinking without an order. Subsequently, we have ascertained, he punished some N.C.O's. with a "reprimand," and to several men awarded "three days' defaulter's drill." The "Boy Captain," after reading these lines, will be able to identify the civilian stranger who was an interested spectator, and perhaps he won't be pleased to know that we consider him a martinet, and the type of officer who makes the soldier's life a living hell.

"THE GREAT HUNNABLE."

We notice that the great Hunnable has been addressing the inhabitants of his native town of Braintree and announcing his intention of shortly entering Parliament, where, he says, "there is no man at present who could express such opinions" (presumably as Hunnable's), "except Mr. Bottomley, who had once said, 'I wish I had the talents of Hunnable.'" If only we had!

HARD TIMES AND HARD LABOUR.

Mr. H. B. Winterbottom, J.P., a Dursley magistrate—wherever Dursley may be—has sent a man named Mills to gaol for seven days with hard labour for the odious offence of sleeping out. Some magistrates would have given him a month at least, so that we are inclined to congratulate Mr. Mills upon having met a gentleman of so amiable a disposition as Mr. Winterbottom. At the same time, it does seem hard that in a free country weary Willy may not sleep under the skies.

WHAT *did* HE SAY?

The *Aberdeen Evening Gazette*, August 18th, 1911:—

M. Legrand, President of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, in the course of an interview remarks that the loss to France may be estimated at about £40,000 a day.—*Standard.*

The *Dundee Saturday Post*, August 19th, 1911:—

Paris, Saturday.

The President of the Paris Chamber of Commerce stated yesterday that the loss sustained by the French merchants and others owing to the railway strike in England, as the result of transactions having ceased, could be estimated at £400,000 a day.

The *Glasgow Evening Times*, August 19th, 1911:—

Paris, Saturday (Central News).—The President of the Paris Chamber of Commerce stated yesterday that the loss sustained by French merchants and others owing to the railway strike in England as the result of transactions having ceased could be estimated at £4,000,000 a day.

PARIS PICTURE-THIEVES.

Why do thieves trouble to steal very famous pictures from public galleries? You can melt down the Ascot Gold Cup, but there is no market for "La Joconde." So a number of French wiseacres are suggesting the offer of £20,000 and a free pardon to the thief if he will return his prize to the Louvre. This, of course, would put a premium on dishonesty, but their answer is that it would put the curators on their mettle. Already various artistic treasures have been stolen from the Louvre. Eighteen months ago a fragment of the frieze of the Parthenon disappeared; three years ago the bas-relief of the "Farewell of Orpheus and Eurydice" shared a similar fate; then there was Rubens' "Kermesse," which was carried off by a photographer and returned a year later in a damaged condition. We wonder whether the National Gallery is better protected.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Are you reading Baroness Orczy's wonderful new serial, "Fire in Stubble," now appearing in *Mrs. Bull?* Better even than "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

TEMPERANCE ORATOR: I would like to have all the beer and whisky put into a big ship and sunk in the middle of the ocean.

ONE OF THE AUDIENCE: Hear! Hear!—*I'm a diver!*

CUR HARDIE.

The Whipped Dog.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating in their programme re *the Maxim Gun Range Finding Competition, that "The total number of marks awarded will be halved and the* LARGER HALF *will count towards the aggregate,"*

THE LONDON DISTRICT RIFLE ASSOCIATION TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "The Kaffir market was dull in tone, but prices left off A LITTLE BELOW THE WORST,"

THE DAILY GRAPHIC TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "Bloaters and kippers are usually 2s. 6d. PER TON,"

THE STAR TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in a letter to "The Weekly Times and Echo," that: "The Association for the PROMOTION *of Premature Burial is doing good work,"*

MR. JAS. R. WILLIAMSON (100, Chedington Road, Upper Edmonton, London, N.) TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating (according to a report in the "South Wales Argus" of a cruelty case at Abertillery) that: "He went to the house of defendant, WHICH WAS HALF-GROWN, *in a very bad condition,"*

P. C. PRITCHARD TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "The German Autumn Naval Manœuvres will be confined to the BALTIC MAIN COLLIERY, NEAR SHEFFIELD,"

THE BATH HERALD TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Mr. Justice Dodd was "sitting as VACCINATION JUDGE *yesterday,"*

THE IRISH INDEPENDENT TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating: "The first meeting of the (Railway) Commission TO-DAY *will be held* TO-MORROW MORNING, *probably at the Board of Trade offices,"*

THE SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in an account of the recent strike riots: "A mob of hooligans, driven up Netherfield Road by the police, TURNED OUT THE STREET LAMPS, AND PLUNGED THE DISTRICT IN COMPLETE DARKNESS . . . *The police wisely called out the infantry, who stood at the bottom of the hill with their bayonets flashing* AS THEY CAUGHT THE LIGHTS OF THE ADJACENT STREET LAMPS,"

THE DAILY DISPATCH TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing the Blackpool Grand International Steeplechase as "OF 100 MILES,"

THE SCOTSMAN TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that "*BLACKPOOL *finds favour with a good number (of excursionists). The seaside resorts have* ALSO *been well patronised,"*

THE LINCOLN LEADER AND COUNTY ADVERTISER TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "Desperate efforts were made to release PRISONERS *being conveyed to Walton Gaol* WHO *had to fire upon the mob,"*

THE LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising: "Special EVENING *cruise round Inchkeith. Leave Leith, 10.30 a.m., Portobello, 11 a.m. Fare 6d.,"*

THE GALLOWAY SALOON STEAM PACKET CO. TAKES THE BISCUIT.

KEIR HARDIE EXPOSED.

WARNING TO THE WORKERS AGAINST A SHAM "LEADER."

"The Socialist who is troubled with scruples of conscience is not worth his salt."—KEIR HARDIE.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Workers, beware of Keir Hardie. How utterly unscrupulous he is in public life was illustrated only last week by his cowardly and lying attack upon the Prime Minister, accusing him — the gentlest and kindliest Minister of modern times—of a threat to shoot down every striker, language as foreign to the lips of Mr. Asquith as political honesty is to the man who invented it. And what a cur he revealed himself—to those who did not already know him—when, after his castigation by Mr. Lloyd George, who said there was no adjective in the dictionary strong enough to describe his conduct, he had not the decency to get up and apologise to the gentleman whom he had so foully slandered!

It is eight years ago since in the old *Sun* newspaper I unmasked this man. I accused him of having been, in the guise of an independent labour leader, simply a Tory jackal — and I repeat that charge. I showed how, with Ramsay Macdonald—with whom I shall deal later—he was deliberately working to defeat Liberal candidates, however sympathetic they might be to the Labour cause. Indeed, he did not want such men to get into Parliament. What did he care about the Labour cause? "*Above all things*," he wrote not many years ago, "*efforts should be directed to prevent Liberals from bringing out advanced candidates.*" And after the General Election of 1900 he gloated over the fact that he had been instrumental in splitting the Radical vote to a sufficient extent to have lost at least half-a-dozen seats.

HARDIE AND HOOLEY.

How sincere is the man's sympathy with the masses may be illustrated by the following facts. In the year 1896 Mr. Hooley was at the zenith of his financial career—a millionaire company promoter. In the *Labour Leader* (Keir Hardie's journal) of November in that year appeared a fierce attack upon the great financier, with a cartoon representing him as grasping Labour by the throat with one hand, and at the same time, with the other, presenting the clergy of St. Paul's with the celebrated gold plate for their altar. In the *Labour Leader* of January, 1897, appeared a long article couched in terms of fulsome praise of Hooley. He is described as "the Modern Emperor of Finance," reference is made to his life of personal obscurity (! !), and there is a mythical story of how every week one of his clerks was sent round with a bag of gold, unostentatiously distributing aid to the necessitous poor—followed by the glaring statement, "private inquiry seems to confirm this." Hooley is referred to as "a millionaire of extreme force and originality," and then comes this remarkable statement: "Mr. E. T. Hooley will probably be elected for the Ilkeston Division of Derbyshire, now represented by Sir Walter Foster, a Liberal doctor. The reign of the financier in politics is blotting out the babyish party cries of the days of the capitalist manufacturer. Britain's bankrupt nobility are hastily transferring their landed estates to Mr. Hooley, who is J.P. for three counties, and already holds about 20,000 acres."

But I have not finished with my extracts. "I want you," says Hardie, "to note the advent into English politics of an industrial Cecil Rhodes—a kindlier, honester type of man than the South African raider, but just as masterful, and supported in such a way that if he fail at Ilkeston there are other safe Parliamentary seats at his choice. Three cheers for Democracy."

What had happened in the interval?

THE DUKE'S NEPHEW.

Let me, however, return to Hardie's connection with the Labour party. It was in the year 1897, upon the death of Mr. A. J. Mundella, that Mr. Fred Maddison, then Editor of the *Railway Review*, became a Liberal and Labour candidate. I remember the occasion very well, because I retired in his favour rather than split the vote. His opponent was Mr. J. Fitzalan Hope, a nephew of the Duke of Norfolk. One would have supposed that in a contest of this character Hardie and his I.L.P. would have been found on the side of the Labour candidate. Not so, however. Like a hawk pouncing upon a sparrow, Keir Hardie swooped down upon the electors of Brightside with the malevolent purpose of preventing Mr. Maddison's election.

I remember how Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, then member for Middlesbrough, referred to Hardie as a "reptile," and how he was further characterised by a prominent member of the Yorkshire Miners' Association as "nothing but a political quack," and how a local Wakefield paper, referring to Hardie's statement that the I.L.P. "were the flower of the Nation," remarked that "in that case Keir Hardie must be a dahlia, a very fair flower when looked at from a distance, but whose perfume was so obnoxious that it poisoned the people who went near it," whilst the *Leeds Mercury* said "it has now come to be a recognised fact that in Parliamentary contests the I.L.P. is part of the Tory Electioneering machinery."

WHO FOUND THE MONEY?

And here let me ask who found the funds to enable Hardie to go up and down the country in the early nineties, actually offering to pay the Election expenses of candidates willing to split the Liberal vote? Let me recall what happened in Dundee. Hardie approached Mr. Archibald Cowie, of the Seamen's Union, and offered to nominate him in opposition to Mr. Edmund Robertson. Cowie asked who was going to find the money. "I will," replied Hardie. "And where do you get it from?" asked Cowie. Hardie refused to state, and thereupon Mr. Cowie declined all further negotiations.

HARDIE'S TACTICS.

And now let me quote from a private manifesto issued by Hardie to the members of the I.L.P.:—

> Members of the Independent Labour Party should get into the Trades Unions, Trades Councils, Co-operative Societies, etc. SPECIAL ENDEAVOUR SHOULD BE MADE TO GET ON THE LIBERAL ASSOCIATIONS—not, of course, with the foolish idea of trying to stiffen the Liberals up, but IN ORDER THAT THE I.L.P. MAY HAVE A FIRM BODY OF FRIENDS IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP. We do not want to reform the Liberal Party any more than we want to reform the House of Lords. Any infusion of new blood in the Radical body must, by prolonging its existence, act to the detriment of the I.L.P. "End them, not mend them," should be our motto. OF COURSE, THIS REQUIRES A CONSIDERABLE SACRIFICE OF PRINCIPLE, BUT THE SOCIALIST WHO IS TROUBLED WITH SCRUPLES OF CONSCIENCE IS NOT WORTH HIS SALT, AND IS BETTER OUT OF THE WAY.

(To be continued.)

THE STRIKE AND THE MILITARY.

HOW TOMMY ATKINS WAS INCONVENIENCED.

We have received many complaints from soldiers as to the lack of consideration shown them during the strike. Here is one. It comes from Bordon:—

Everyone is complaining everywhere about the strike just now. The policemen are complaining, and no one would ever think that the troops here at Bordon are having just as busy a time as any strike leader or policeman. The orders that are being issued day and night are ridiculous and mean. Bad management of troops; "Stand by"; "Pack up at once"; "Unpack"; "The Battalion will move off at a moment's notice." Being confined to barracks, the inconvenience of it all no one but the trained soldier could stand. We finished divisional training last Wednesday, and were to proceed on furlough on Sunday. Thursday being more or less a holiday until 6 p.m., "Orderly Sergeants" was sounded, and they received orders that the Battalion would stand by for London to do duty there in case of a riot. No further orders were issued, and great inconvenience has been felt by all married N.C.O.'s and men in the camp, who were only allowed to go home half an hour for meals, and sleep in barrack-rooms instead of married quarters. All men were given strict orders to sleep in boots and putties, and they were worn for no less than thirty-six hours. Our furlough was cancelled till Monday, each man having to leave 6d. for a telegram which would be sent to him, should he be wanted to return off furlough to do duty in London. Hardly before we had been home half-an-hour, we received the much-looked-forward-to wire. Some were worse off than others, the telegram reaching its destination before the men; some living as far away as Tonbridge, Maidstone and Plymouth couldn't possibly be back the same night, but before going on leave we were warned that if we should be absent off the line of march we should receive punishment for the offence, should the Battalion move off, even if we were on our way back from furlough. Shouldn't these poorly-paid, overworked soldiers have their railway fare refunded, as they were called back under such circumstances? It is duty, and we are paid for it, as our civilian cousins tell us. It is a serious complaint, because, being poorly paid, a soldier feels the pull on his pocket going on furlough for ten days, starting his journey at 9 a.m., travelling till 9 p.m. (in some cases the fare about 10s.), and to return off furlough the same night, besides paying for the telegram. It means money thrown away, or stolen from them. Perhaps the War Office will take it up and give them a railway warrant to finish their well-earned rest and holiday, with an additional three days' furlough to recover three days already lost. Only fifteen men per company were allowed furlough, leaving the company fifty strong; this, it was said, was sufficient to go to London. It wasn't necessary to bring these men back off furlough, and some haven't enough money to go home again, should they get the opportunity.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

OPENING OF THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN.

Active operations have been suspended during the past few weeks owing to the holidays. In the meantime the President has been in a sea of personal troubles from which he is happily emerging, and will now be free to take an active part in a vigorous autumn and winter campaign. It is proposed to inaugurate this by a great demonstration at the Festival of Empire, Crystal Palace, and Saturday, September 30th, is the date which has been provisionally fixed. We shall endeavour to arrange for special excursions to be run from all parts of the country, and members who avail themselves of these facilities will be sure to spend a most enjoyable day. We are in negotiation with the administration of the Festival of Empire for admission at reduced rates not only to the Palace, but to the countless attractions to be found in the grounds, and in the evening a Mass Meeting will be held, when the President will take the Chair. A first-class musical programme will form an attractive feature of the proceedings, and with the facilities for accommodating many thousands of people, the remarkable scene at the Albert Hall two years ago will in all probability be repeated.

Further and fuller particulars will be announced from week to week as the arrangements become more advanced. The General Secretary will be pleased to hear from members who may be disposed to offer suggestions, which, we need scarcely say, will receive serious consideration.

MORE GOLD COAST GIBBERISH.

A WARNING AGAINST NATIVE CORRESPONDENTS.

Quite a number of people seem to have received strange letters in broken English from the Gold Coast. Besides Naham, to whom we recently referred, there is a certain J. E. Aubyn, of 6, Victoria Bridge, Low Town, Cape Coast, who specialises in footballers, offering them such appropriate gifts as ostrich feathers and baskets in return for a Bible, a dictionary and some chocolates. He ends up with the request, "Sweet me to much as soon as possible," evidently a reference to the prospective chocolates. One footballer who sent out various articles received no acknowledgment except an urgent request for a Bible, but no notice was taken of a gentleman who said that, on receipt of a few ostrich plumes, he would see what he could do.

Another correspondent who has a missionary friend in West Africa was asked to take an interest in a native, and correspond with him, whether to improve his morals or his orthography does not appear. After a time the native began to send postal orders with requests for the purchase of cheap books. At last there came a request for an £8 cycle for which he proposed to pay by instalments. This being refused, the communications soon faded away, but our correspondent informs us that it is a very frequent practice with natives out there to try to obtain European goods by starting a correspondence in this way.

Yet another has received a letter from a gentleman who calls himself Prince Jack, and says, "If you will be consent, I will endeavour to please you very much. I will send you golden fancy goods which will please you very much. I am fifteen years of age, and should prefer to know yours in return. I will be much obliged if you will supply me some newspapers weekly. Kindly send me next time 1 Holy Bible, a fountain pen and a calendar for 1911. I will send you in exchange of these a fine set of Golden Curiosities containing ring, Booch, chain, etc. (worthing about £5) as presentation. My father will do more to you if you try to please me. I am closing now, hoping to hear from you soon with my inquiries." Then comes a PS., "My father sends his compts to your father and ma." These blandishments, however, do not appear to have had the desired effect, for our correspondent replied, we fear ironically, asking His Royal Highness whether he would "like a motor car," and pointing out that as a matter of fact the Prince was mistaken in his supposition that our correspondent kept a little gold mine.

FIRMS AND FINES.

A HARDSHIP WHICH SHOULD BE LEGALLY ABOLISHED.

We have before us a notice addressed to members of the staff and signed by Russell and Woollven, whose address is 28-30, Christopher Street, Finsbury Square. In this notice Messrs. Russell and Woollven inform "all members of the staff, piece workers or otherwise," that they have adopted a time recording system and that everyone is to make a record of his or her arrival and departure. The circular goes on to intimate that "the fines for being late will be one penny a minute. As the firm do not wish to benefit by these fines they will go to form a kitchen fund towards the replacement of kitchen utensils." Our main object in referring to this circular is to point out that it was addressed to, among others, a girl of 14, earning 4s. a week, and that if this girl was to be absent one hour on any one week she would, under the conditions laid down, owe the firm one shilling after working about fifty hours.

POST OFFICE WASTE.

PRINTERS AND POSTCARDS.

A printer writes us:—"Until recently postcards were sold in packets of 12 for 6½d., and printers could be supplied with them in sheets at the same rate, which arrangement was more convenient and economical for printing purposes, as a few could be printed at one impression, instead of one at a time when they are cut single. Nowadays, the cards are only to be had singly, or in packets of 12, at the face value of a halfpenny each, but not in sheets as formerly. If they were supplied in sheets, if wanted, it would mean a saving to the G.P.O., as the cost of cutting and packing would be borne by the purchaser."

ANOTHER BECK CASE.

THE STRANGE STORY OF JOHN HAY.—STARTLING ABUSE OF THE CRIMINAL LAW.

Some years ago John Hay was a solicitor's clerk, and upon one occasion he was directed by his employer, Mr. Mortimer, solicitor, of Coleman Street, E.C., to go to Derby and see a prisoner at the gaol there charged with theft. Hay did so, and reported to his employer that the man had satisfied him of his innocence. The accused was, however, afterwards committed for trial, and Mr. Thorne Cole was briefed for the defence.

A few days before the trial Hay was met by a man who asked him if he was aware that there was £100 reward for the conviction of the thief. Hay answered that he was not. "Well," said the questioner, "it is so. If this man is convicted the money will be cut up by the railway officials, myself, and two others, and if you like to assist us to convict you can have £25." Hay said, "Certainly not," and added that he should inform his employer of the proposal. Soon afterwards Hay had a call from a Metropolitan Sergeant Detective (since dead) who knew the prisoner when he kept "The Telegraph" public house, Hawkins Street, Mile End. The detective said, "They are cutting it up for the prisoner." The police had brought a woman and man—May Taylor and John Hodge—to the public house for purposes of identification. They bought some gin. May Taylor came out and asked one of the detectives, "Which one am I to identify—the old one or the young one?" His reply was "The old one," the man who was afterwards arrested.

A Police Threat.

At the trial May Taylor was examined and admitted going out and speaking to one of the detectives (the same, by the way, who had made Hay the offer of £25). The detective admitted in the witness box that he was asked by the woman as to which of the two men she was to identify, whereupon the Judge stopped the case, remarking that the prisoner should have been arrested before the two witnesses had been sent into the public house to identify him. At the station the detective came up to him and said, "All right, my boy, I will get my own back for this."

The Arrest and Conviction.

Soon afterwards Hay's father died and he took his share of £6,500. Having been ill with sciatica in both hips, he went to South Africa. The voyage did him good, and he took over the management of the public bar at the Alexandria Hotel, Durban. At the end of about a year Hay returned to England and bought the lease and goodwill of the "Cock and Castle," Mansfield Street, Hackney Road. He invested £600 in it and was doing well. One day who should enter but the very police officer who had offered him the £25 and threatened him at the station at Derby. He said he wanted to speak to him privately. "You answer the description of a man wanted for taking a cab load of stolen silk to Carter Paterson's, Goswell Road." Hay said, "This is trying to get your own back—you threatened to do it over the Derby case." Hay was then taken into custody. When he was brought forward for identification a cabman was called in. He at once said Hay was the man who had hired his cab for the purpose of carrying the silk to Carter Paterson's. Hay said, "You scoundrel, you have been sitting in my house every night for a week." The man did not reply. Hay was taken to Old Street Police Station and afterwards before a magistrate, who committed him for trial at the Old Bailey; he was tried in due course before the late Sir Thomas Chambers, and the jury could not agree.

At the second trial the judge summed up dead against Hay. The jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, which meant, amongst other things, that he lost his public house and licence.

Hay sent a petition from prison to the late Sir William Harcourt, then Home Secretary, who ordered a searching inquiry to be made into the case, with the result that his innocence was established, and he was released after serving seven months.

A Mysterious Visitor.

Hay subsequently applied to Sir William Harcourt for a pardon, and made application for compensation. The reply as to compensation was that it would be considered.

Shortly afterwards a man representing himself to be a clerk at the Home Office called on Hay and said that he had influence with other clerks in that Department. If Hay would give him £50 he would get him his pardon, and if he would give him a further sum he would get him compensation.

Hay asked him what evidence he could submit that he had the power to do what he offered. The man said: "I can procure all the papers out of the pigeon hole, including your letter from prison to the Home Secretary." Hay bet a sovereign that he could not, and made an appointment at a coffee house in Mile End Road.

Accompanied by a gentleman named Winter (afterwards a Justice of the Peace), Hay went to the coffee house. The man was there and in the presence of Mr. Winter showed Hay all the documents in his case. Amongst the papers were the opinions of different gentlemen, including Sir Theophilus Liddell, Mr. Godfrey Lushington, and Sir William Harcourt.

Hay was satisfied by this evidence that the man came from the Home Office and paid his bet, but complained that £50 was more than he could afford to pay at present. The man said he had to divide it with two others.

A Free Pardon.

Hearing no more about the matter, Hay wrote to the Home Office setting out the above facts and he was at once requested to call there. He did so and saw various gentlemen. Hay asked for Sir Theophilus Liddell and told him his opinion upon the case; he also repeated what Sir William Harcourt had said upon it. Hay was asked to identify his informant from a number of clerks in the Home Office that were called into the room for the purpose. Hay saw his man, but, reflecting on what dismissal might mean to him, he pretended that he did not recognise him. Nine days afterwards he received an unconditional pardon from the Home Office. Unfortunately for Hay, soon afterwards the Conservative party came into power and Sir William Harcourt was succeeded at the Home Office by Mr. Henry Matthews. Hay applied to the new Home Secretary through Sir Guyer Hunter, then M.P. for Central Hackney, for compensation for loss of his licence and public house through wrongful conviction now admitted. Mr. Matthews replied that there was no precedent for awarding compensation to persons convicted by the State. Since then applications have been made by Hay to successive Home Secretaries and replies received that it was not usual to go behind the decisions of their predecessors.

Some time after his release, Hay applied for his licence to be renewed. The magistrates refused on the ground of Hay's conviction, being apparently unable to realise that a conviction afterwards officially admitted to be wrongful was not shameful. Hay appealed to a full Bench, who decided in his favour and granted the licence, but Mr. Grain, who represented the other side, said that it was such an important case that it must go to the Court of Appeal. Hay was then sent by Sir Guyer Hunter to Sir Richard Webster, at that time Attorney-General, who represented the magistrates, and put Hay's case before the late Mr. Justice Hawkins and the late Mr. Baron Pollock, who both said that the way in which Hay had been treated was monstrous, and granted him his licence.

No Compensation.

We are informed that the present Home Secretary refuses to intervene on two grounds:—(1) That Mr. Akers Douglas and Mr. Gladstone refused to vary the decisions of previous Home Secretaries; (2) That he agrees with his predecessors on the merits of the case. We do not understand this second plea for refusing justice to this unfortunate man. Mr. Churchill's predecessors refused compensation, not because they thought that Hay was not entitled to it, but because they could find no precedent for awarding it to a man who had been wrongfully convicted. We should have thought that with the Archer-Shee case fresh in his mind, and remembering the Beck case, Mr. Winston Churchill would not have given the weight he appears to have done to this argument about precedent.

JOHN BULL'S COLLECTING BOXES.

A SCHEME FOR AIDING OUR HUMAN DERELICTS.

As announced last week, we propose having Collecting Boxes, for the benefit of our "Human Documents," placed in Public Bars, Hairdressers, Tobacconists, and other shops, where the proprietors may be generous enough to co-operate with us, for the benefit of the human derelict, whose cases we bring before the public from week to weeks The boxes will be cleared periodically and their contents apportioned amongst the cases in the Editor's discretion. He will, however, always be pleased to respect the wishes of collecting tradesmen in regard to any special cases. All amounts so collected will be duly announced in this column.

SWIMMING THE CHANNEL.

WOLFFE'S ATTEMPT TO WIN OUR CUP AND PURSE.

JOHN BULL offers a handsome Channel Cup and a Prize of 100 Guineas to the first British subject who succeeds in swimming the English Channel. The only conditions are: (1) That we receive reasonable notice of the intended attempt, and (2) that our representative is allowed in the boat accompanying the swimmer, and that his decision shall be final as to the *bonâ fides* of the swim.

We trust this offer may have the effect of encouraging a British subject to emulate the achievement of the late Captain Webb.

The celebrated swimmer, Jabez Wolffe, writes from Brighton:—

> Being a regular reader, I was delighted to see your sportsmanlike offer. Please accept my sincere congratulations on your paper being the first to recognize the mighty effort that is necessary in swimming the Channel. England has to admit defeat in many branches of sport, but in long-distance swimming still holds her own. I am personally open to swim any man in the world for twelve hours in open water. I beg to notify you of my next attempt—which, weather permitting, will take place on August 31st, September 1st, 2nd or 3rd, and trust you will send a representative.

We shall have great pleasure in acceding to Mr. Wolffe's request, and hope his plucky attempt will be successful.

"ASYLUMS AND ASSAULTS."

THE "UNWRITTEN AND UNFRAMED" RULE.

A correspondent says:—

> *Re* your article under the above heading, I notice you have had a number of replies, one of which comes from "A Nurse" who assures us that "strict" rules are "printed and framed" forbidding cruelty to any patient, the punishment for such offence being "dismissal," etc.
>
> Quite so! but why does she not tell us of the "stricter" rule, "unwritten and unframed," brief and to the point, *No Scandal*—which is "understood" and "appreciated" by members of the staff in every asylum in the country, and more especially so by those glorified individuals known as Medical Superintendents, whose principal duty seems to consist of making a weekly tour of "inspection" (looking for dust and cobwebs) for which they receive the servility of the staff and the money of the "masses"—averaging £1,000 per annum?
>
> I speak from 5 years' experience as an attendant in one of the largest asylums in England, and further, I speak honestly.

ADDLED ADS.

SOME PECULIAR ANNOUNCEMENTS.

REWARD of 5s. to anyone who can give the name and address of the little girl who was defrauded of 1s. while travelling in the tram car a few days ago by a sympathiser.—Address—(*Scotsman.*)

COTTAGE Wanted, vicinity Cork Street, Robert Street, or James' Street, suitable for pigs and fowl.—Box—(*Dublin Evening Mail.*)

A RESPECTABLE Young Married Woman Wants Cleaning; good personal reference.—Mrs. ——. (*Islington Gazette.*)

HUMAN DOCUMENT—CLVII.

A POOR WIDOW'S PITIABLE PLIGHT.

We have received the following appeal. Will any of our readers help this poor lady in the way she suggests? We are sure it would be help well bestowed.

I am a widow, nearly 40 years of age, and have two daughters. My first husband was a doctor—a clever man. He had a Colonial appointment, but was invalided home. He died in Yorkshire, leaving me totally unprovided for.

I received some small assistance from medical benevolent funds, and came here (nearly 9 years ago), as my elder child was very delicate, hoping to make a living, as I am an educated woman.

Four years ago I became the wife of a good, old man. He had a small capital and we were quite happy. He provided my girls and me with such a nice home, and for about a year we were most comfortably situated.

He was prevailed upon by a devil of a man to invest all our remaining capital in a patent of his, which—to make a long story short—turned out a perfect fiasco and failure, and we were "wiped out," ruined.

My poor husband—70 years old—went out to Sydney, hoping to make a fresh start, but what could a man of his age—minus money and friends—do in a strange land? My poor husband! He died, and I am now left here penniless and broken-hearted, trying, oh, *so hard*, to keep this wretched little home together, the contents of which are not worth £2!

I have sold and pawned—this latter course is *so* awful for a woman of refinement and breeding—everything I could realise a few shillings on. I have gone out "charing" to earn a little money. My daughter, the delicate one, has been a daily servant at 5s. a week. What more *can* a hunted desperate creature like I am, do? Must a woman part with her honour for money—or must she end her existence?

I have asked help from people who, by the assistance of a paltry few pounds, could have set me up in a small business. But no—always some excuse. I feel as though I could *kill* myself had I only the courage. I have been to the Charity Organisation Society, where I was offered two tickets for a hundredweight of coal and 1s. worth of groceries! Perhaps I was wrong; but, sir, I *could not accept this.* If we could only get permanent work, we could pay the arrears of rent I owe, and if some kind person would set me up in a small business, I *know* that I should succeed and be able to repay in time every shilling, as I am well and strong and so anxious and eager to keep straight and do the right thing. But oh! the selfishness, the heart-breaking cruelty of the world!

Up till now no one can say a word against my personal character. There is one gentleman here who has known us for a number of years, he is only a poor man, but a gentleman in every sense of the word—a lieut.-colonel. How good that man is to us—we should have *starved*—yes, starved, had it not been for him helping us when he has so little himself. He works hard for his living, too, as an Army coach.

We live on bread and tea—meat is a dream; but even this I do not mind. If people could only see behind the scenes! How we try to keep up appearances and so hide from the prying eyes of the neighbours the true state of affairs.

I owe the landlord 14 weeks' rent (7s. 9d. a week), the baker over £2, and a moneylender, to whom I was compelled to go, over £3. *What shall I do?* Can you tell me of some society who could come to my rescue with a loan to help me? How I would work—could I only get it—to repay them. God, how I would work! I do so want to keep this little roof above our heads. I do not want to be homeless—for my children's sake especially. My younger daughter is a servant in London, but she is with nice people; we all have long ago put our pride in our pockets and, as I have said, would do anything—sweep the roads even, if I could get the work. I feel so thoroughly sick at heart. I enclose one or two proofs of what I have told you.

P.S.—All my debts (for absolute necessities) are long-standing. £20 would cover everything, and if I had £50 I could pay all I owe and start a little business, and I feel *confident* that I should succeed with my daughter to help me.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:

CLIII.—G. M. B., 1s.

CLIV.—"Gold and Silver," 1s. 6d.; H. E. L., £2; "Constant Reader," 5s.

CLV.—W. D., 1s. 6d.

CLVI.—"Honest Freemason," 5s.

A DILIGENT reader and enthusiastic appreciator of JOHN BULL would gladly send a copy of that paper free and postage paid for one year to any six persons who would like to receive it, but cannot well afford to pay for same. Please write, A. C. M. H., care of JOHN BULL Publishing Offices, 93-94, Long Acre, W.C.

THE "S" MURDER SEQUEL.

P.-C. GREAVES FORCED TO RESIGN.

Those of our readers who have followed the newspaper accounts of the "Clapham murder" mysteries will, we think, be interested in learning that P.C. Greaves has given to the Commissioner of Police the usual month's notice of his intention to resign from the force.

We have made inquiry and find that the circumstances of Greaves' resignation are as follows:—In the early morning of March 15th, Greaves was at Leman Street Police Station with Mr. Abinger and the Assistant Commissioner of Police, Sir Melville Macnaghten. At the beginning of the interview which then occurred, according to our information, Mr. Abinger told Greaves that the Commissioner of Police, Sir Edward Henry, and the Assistant Commissioner, above-named, had given "their word as gentlemen" that if Greaves' letter to him was true OR *written in good faith*, Greaves should not suffer in any way, and that his career should not be affected, and that the Assistant Commissioner then said to Greaves, "If this letter is true, *or* written in good faith, your professional career shall be in no way affected." The Special Commissioner who investigated this matter at the "Police Inquiry" clearly stated his opinion that Greaves' statement that Morrison was told by a certain Police Officer that he had been brought to the Station "on suspicion of murder" was made in good faith. Greaves is therefore fully entitled to claim that the promise conveyed to him by the Assistant Commissioner and Mr. Abinger should be loyally fulfilled.

Now let us consider what has happened. On May 6th, Greaves was ordered to proceed to the village of Pinner, some 13 miles North-West of London, to reside there, and perform duty. By June 14th, having had some experience of Pinner, he applied to the Commissioner to remove him to an "inner" or London station, and in support of his application reminded his chief of the promise which had been made. To Greaves' surprise, he was coolly informed that the Commissioner had decided that there were "no sufficient grounds" for granting the application.

Greaves thereupon gave further explanation. He pointed out that at Pinner he was under several great disadvantages as compared with London. One of these disadvantages was that when he wished to visit his friends, to attend places of amusement, or even to obtain an effective bath, he had to travel an additional 26 miles and pay the railway fares. There are other hardships at Pinner, to which, however, we need not now refer.

Greaves had successfully passed the "preliminary" examination for promotion. He recognised that at Pinner, where occurrences necessitating police action are extremely rare, he, instead of improving his knowledge of duty by further experience, was more likely—through lack of practice—to forget part of what he had already learnt. Moreover, when at Whitechapel, Greaves had been attending classes for instruction in the Yiddish language, in which he had considerably advanced, and, as he was lodging with people who regularly spoke that language, there is no doubt that, in due course, he would have become eligible for the position of interpreter, a position which carries with it very considerable advantages. Greaves told the Commissioner that "the word of a gentleman" was invariably regarded as sufficient warranty.

Nevertheless, Greaves was in course of time informed that the Commissioner saw no reason to alter the decision. Greaves then applied in writing to be informed as to what further evidence would be required in order to prove that his continuance at Pinner would be incompatible with the fulfilment of the promise which had been made to him. This request was made on July 20th, but up to the time of going to press, the Commissioner appears to have ignored this request.

Since the above occurrences, this matter has twice been the subject of questions by Mr. Will Thorne in the House of Commons, but as no satisfaction could be obtained from Mr. Churchill, Greaves has been compelled to hand in his notice of resignation.

When Greaves wrote his letter to counsel defending Stinie Morrison, he said that he anticipated "instant dismissal." The treatment which he has received is tantamount to dismissal.

THE CIVIL SERVICE CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

SOME POINTS FOR THE SHAREHOLDERS.

In our issue of August 19th we referred to the action of the chairman of this Society, Mr. James Helby, and the wholesale dismissal of old employés against whom nothing could be found to their prejudice. We have since had information of what looks like exceptionally mean conduct on the part of the Company. It is stated that several employés, being on a fortnight's holiday, have, at the end of the first week, received a notice that their services will not be required after the expiration of the next week, and that the second week of their holidays must be taken as part of their notice. We cannot imagine a meaner thing to do than to send a notice of this kind to an employé who is on his holiday. Notwithstanding Mr. Helby's hustling, and the fact that the dividends have increased since he has been in control, there has been a noteworthy decrease in the amount of trade done.

Before Mr. Helby became chairman it was the practice to include the trading account in the accounts presented. Since then it has not been included, so that shareholders are much more in the dark as to how things are going on than in the past.

Again, the case and carriage account, amounting to £10,000, used to appear in the profit and loss account. Since Mr. Helby became chairman it has not appeared there.

We observe that the auditors of the Society are Mr. Poyntz Purcell, son of Sir John Purcell, one of the directors of the company, and Mr. Geo. A. Calder, an intimate friend of Sir John. Mr. Purcell is in the Land Registry Department, Mr. Calder in another public department. Neither of them is a chartered accountant. We suggest to the shareholders, without imputing anything to the prejudice of either of these gentlemen, that it would be more satisfactory to have the accounts audited by a firm of chartered accountants.

It is worthy of note that Mr. Helby, the chairman of the Society, is interested in the London and Provincial Steam Laundries. The Society puts its customers' laundry work through this laundry. He is interested in the Coal Co-operative Society. The Society puts its coal orders through this Company. He is interested in the Camden Steam Laundry. The Society puts all its housework through this laundry. He is interested in Rolls and Linoms, the paint and varnish people. The Society puts its orders for such things through them. It is noteworthy that Mr. Helby's name was proposed as a director at the General Meeting in 1908, when a shareholder got up and opposed on the ground that he was interested in these companies, and Mr. Helby recognised the validity of the objection by withdrawing his name. Afterwards he was elected to the board, not by a general meeting, but by the directors. It would be interesting to know how he reconciles his action at the general meeting with his acceptance of the directorship from the board.

BIRTHDAY OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETING.

September 2nd.—GEORGE R. SIMS.

Here are wishes galore to the father of Tatcho,
Which we dab on our crowns for the sake of our thatch-o;
And wishes unnumbered to Dagonet, who
With his ripe melodramas has oft thrilled us through;
May his Mustard and Cress, from the north to the south,
Long remain, like good ginger, still hot in the mouth.

With reference to our article of last week which referred to the arrest of Mr. Bertrand Stewart on a charge of espionage, we are authoritatively informed that we were in error in stating that Mr. Stewart "seldom went to his office, his time being taken up with military rather than legal affairs." We are assured that Mr. Stewart's interest in his military duties has never been allowed to interfere with the calls of an exacting practice. We are also informed that until his recent visit Mr. Stewart had not been in Germany for some years, and that he had only been there three days at the time of his arrest. We, of course, accept these statements without reserve, and we need hardly add that we had not the slightest intention of questioning Mr. Stewart's high character, nor, in fact, did we do so.

"ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS."

IMPERTINENT MENDICANTS.

We have been favoured with a copy of *Onward*, the monthly organ of the Hastings and St. Leonards Christian Association. It contains an article entitled "Amusing Experiences at Begging," by "Secretaries on the War-Path at Hastings." They call it a "thankless job," but the thanklessness seems rather to be theirs, for after collecting £50 in two days, they have only jeers for the people they visited. This is the kind of thing: "After five pulls at the bell we heard fairy footsteps, and then the door was gradually opened to the extent of about nine inches—the length of a chain that was there to keep out burglars. The lady looked at us very suspiciously, even after perusing our cards—and asked our business. We had scarcely spoken a sentence when we noticed her eyes were flaring, her nose shining, and her hair on its end. 'Bow-wow-wow, bow-wow-wow, bow-wow-wow.' We trembled and could not get a word in. The dear old lady had had a wee drap and could scarcely get her words out fast enough. If it had not been for her face we should have concluded that she had a bull terrier behind her. Bang went the door, and the fair damsel disappeared." We suppose this is meant for humour.

They had a more favourable reception at the next house, where a gentleman handed them 2s. 6d. Instead of being grateful, they express themselves as follows: "Well, after regaining his breath, H. B. asked him pointedly whether he could not offer us a substantial donation, but alas! he could not afford another penny. Like a good many other poor (?) men, he was living in a splendid house standing in its own grounds." How pleased this gentleman must have been when he read the account of his interview!

"At one place we were actually given afternoon tea, which we gladly accepted. It was the outstanding feature of courtesy extended to us during the week's operations. At another house our cards were taken in, but Mrs. —— would only see one of us. I suggested that H. B. should have the honour, and the maid escorted him to the tea-room, where the mistress was waiting attired in a tea-gown. The good lady would listen to no appeal, but boldly held out half a sovereign 'for trouble in visiting her.' H. B. tried to get a shot in, but without avail. She refused to allow him to fire. And so we had to retire. It was a palatial residence, and as we returned up the drive we agreed that—perhaps I had better not say." It would be interesting to know what sums of money would satisfy the desires of these importunate beggars.

In another case where a lady said her husband was not at home, their comment was a severe one. "Our walk to the tram terminus was a weary one, but we kept smiling The servant girl told the truth and behaved like a lady. The mistress and master had failed to act either as a lady or a gentleman, and, in addition, had stretched the truth until it was beyond recognition."

When we reflect that the money was required for affording smug young men an opportunity of playing billiards at other people's expense, words fail us to express our opinion of the impertinence of demanding money with menaces and publishing opinions as to the gentility or otherwise of those who had the courage to refuse their demands or to subscribe less than their greed had anticipated.

"AN 'ANCIENT ART' EXHIBITION."

EXPLANATION OF THE COUNTY COURT CASE.

Apropos of the article under this heading, in our issue of August 19, the managing director of Earl's Court writes that the case referred to was evidently that of an ex-employé, who called in the afternoon of Saturday, May 27, at the accountant's offices to receive payment of his salary. At that moment it so hapened that the cashier was unable to see him, being engaged. He was informed of this by one of the assistants, who asked him to call round later in the day. To the surprise of the assistant, the man replied that he would not do so, and assumed a very offensive and indignant attitude. As a matter of fact, there was no fixed time for payment of salaries. The managing director saw the head of the department and discussed the incident with him, when he was informed that the individual had not given satisfaction in his work, and also desired to leave without giving notice, and, in fact, did so. Since his departure he was notified on more than one occasion that the salary was ready to be paid over on application at the offices. He never called, but issued County Court proceedings.

ROYAL MEWS.

MEN ANXIOUSLY AWAITING RESULT OF VENTILATION OF GRIEVANCES.

Referring to the paragraph in our issue of August 19th under this heading one of the men at the Mews writes:—

> The thanks of all the servants at the Mews are due to you for your article in JOHN BULL of August 12, about the grievances here. It was a plain statement of fact, and we are anxiously awaiting the result, though some here are not a little nervous, as we are told if we are not satisfied to clear out, and if it was known that I was writing to you I am sure I should be a marked man. Things have been allowed to go on here for years in the same old style, with no one to stick up for us, and now we hope for a change.

We are sure that the King would not be annoyed with the men at the Mews for making a representation of their grievances to us after failing to get any consideration of their representations from those in direct authority at the Mews. We venture to think that if His Majesty would look into the matter for himself he would be satisfied that the men have some ground for asking for certain changes in the direction indicated in our previous reference.

THE PRUDENTIAL AND "JOHN BULL."

HIDING THE PRUDENTIAL LOSSES.

We take the following from the *Insurance Press*:—

> An echo of the JOHN BULL-Baiting of the Prudential is seen in the announcement that the Directors will pay an extra five times on the net increase recorded from July 31st until the year end, and this whether the agent be on a decrease for the year or not. Further than this an extra 20 per cent. is to be paid for O.B. business obtained during the same period. The ostensible reason given for this concession is that the Board desire to acknowledge the work and difficulties of the staff during the past few months, but though this may be so the practical effect of it will be that the rush of business from now to the year end will be such that the full effects of Prudential losses during the past few months will never be known outside the chief officers. There is sure to be, however, a great deal of dissatisfaction when the time comes to withdraw these special terms In the meantime we hope the agents will energetically try to reap the fullest possible harvest in return for their previous hard work.

STEAMERS AND LIFEBOATS.

THE WEAKNESS OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

A Master Mariner writes to us as follows:—

> Now, Sir, is it true that the Marine Department of the Board of Trade grant passenger ships certificates on which are stated the number of passengers the ships may carry, and on the same certificate the number and size of the boats to carry the same, and which are *never more than sufficient to carry one quarter of the passengers?*
>
> Might I also suggest that if on some services they can turn their boats out in 10 to 12 seconds, why this standard of efficiency cannot be enforced throughout the Mercantile Marine?
>
> If, however, the Board of Trade is too weak to insist on efficiency, let them drop out altogether and let the travelling public know that in the event of the ship sinking 75 per cent. of them would have to make up their minds to drown, as there would not be any boat accommodation for them.

THE CARSHALTON FIRE BRIGADE.

THE CHIEF OFFICER'S POSITION.

Our attention has been called to the fact that the last paragraph in our recent article upon the above subject may be construed by some of our readers to cast reflection upon the ability of the Chief Officer of the Brigade; this we had not the slightest intention of doing, as we understand he has had nearly 25 years' experience, and that the Urban District Council, knowing his abilities, invited him to accept the position—which, by the way, is an honorary one—and under his direction the Brigade has greatly improved, as its success at competitions proves.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO WOMEN READERS

See panel on outside cover of this journal.

FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE.

A MARVELLOUS AND ENTERTAINING EXHIBITION.

Beyond all question, the most thrilling and novel entertainment in London is the representation of life in Wild Australia as given daily on the Pageant ground at the Festival of Empire, Crystal Palace. The programme opens with the rounding up of 60 untrained horses, and then we have the daring riding of buckjumpers, the cracking of stockwhips, a steeplechase, snake and crocodile handling, lassoing horses and bullocks, the riding of bucking bullocks, and boomerang and spear throwing by Billy Waite. Nothing approaching this spear throwing has ever before been seen. Novelties are frequently being introduced into Wild Australia, and the latest one is a very realistic representation of the capture of the Kelly gang—the last of the Australian bushrangers. This episode has been arranged by Mr. Leolyn G. Hart, and in it some 80 people take part. The chief character is that of Ned Kelly, and is played by Mr. F. W. Trott. The story as represented shows that a member of the Kelly gang, Sherratt, had agreed for a sum of £8,000 to bring about the capture of the other members of the gang. This act of treachery comes to the ears of Ned Kelly, and the gang set out to wreak their vengeance on the police spy. Headed by Ned Kelly, they are seen calling at Sherratt's house, and he, his farm hands and the police in hiding there, are all killed. Then the gang go on to the Glen Roan Hotel, of which they take possession, but they fail to note that a little girl dashes away to seek help. While the gang are carousing a troop of mounted police appears and, taking cover, they start to fire at the windows of the hotel. Drawn by the firing, the police in the district gallop up from all parts. Eventually the hotel catches fire. This drives Kelly into the open, and he is seen wearing a steel mask and chain armour to withstand the hail of bullets. However, one bullet finds its billet, and the bushranger drops.

The "All Red Route" Railway is, of course, one of the foremost of the attractions. This striking enterprise places before the stay-at-home public a remarkably accurate and vivid representation of the scenery and customs of the members of the different races comprising Britain Overseas. £9,000 has been spent on its production, and the result is most realistic. The line runs for a mile and a half through the grounds, and a trip is both delightful and educational.

A representation of Bostock's Zoological Congress of the Animals of the Empire occupies over an acre of space. In it are to be found specimens—mostly trained—of all the animals inhabiting the countries comprising the Empire on which the sun never sets. It is a collection which is not likely to be brought together again, and an opportunity of visiting it should not be missed.

The "Mountain Railway," worked on the gravity principle, is the biggest of its kind in existence. The final dive into the lake is warranted to give a thrill to the most *blasé*, though it is perfectly safe.

The "Joy Wheel" is guaranteed to cause roars of laughter. The involuntarily humorous expressions and attitudes of the victims of the law of centrifugal force are irresistible. This, too, is a sight which must be seen.

Another device which would have caused Newton to fall into a brown study is the "Coaster," otherwise known as the "Figure 8"—the centrifugal railway brought quite up to date. A delicious thrill is guaranteed to both participants and beholders.

A calmer emotion is evoked by the "River Caves," which comprise a delightful run of half a mile of illuminated caves, grottoes, etc. The fantastic and beautiful effects must be seen to be appreciated.

A mirth-provoking item is the "Haunted Castle," or "Home of Fun." The fellows of the Society for Psychical Research are cordially invited to investigate the (good) spirits which are manifested by those who have paid a visit to this hilarious "spook" resort.

Another humorous feature is the "Magic Ride," a journey provoking shrieks of laughter. This, as with all the other enterprises, is excellently managed, and it is interesting to note that on the King's Fête Day over 9,000 children participated in it without the slightest hitch. It is quite justified in terming itself "It."

Last, but not least, of the side shows is "The Fire of London," a realistic representation of the historic conflagration.

And what of the magnificent pavilions of the various Colonies? Scattered about are the lavish exhibits of the lands which owe allegiance to the Red, White and Blue. The whole issue of this paper would be insufficient adequately to catalogue them—enough here to say that one Government alone (Canada) has expended £70,000 in staging its products.

CURES AND AMUSEMENTS.

HOW PROMINENT PARLIAMENTARIANS WILL SPEND THE VACATION.

By RICHARD MORTON.

With commendable candour, Mr. Balfour has let us know what he intends to do with himself during the Parliamentary recess. Allowing politics to look after themselves and leaving his party to go hang, he announces that he is taking the Perfect Cure at Bad Gastein, and, after that is complete, will play golf at North Berwick.

It is now our privilege to make the following statement regarding the holiday intentions of other prominent politicians:—

MR. ASQUITH will go to the Highlands. He has been advised to try the Mountain Dew cure for his bad throat, but it is considered doubtful whether he will consent to a full course of the teatment, which is not thought unpleasant by those who have had most experience of it. A small quantity of soda-water is the usual accompaniment of the Dew, which is not recommended in its raw state to the unaccustomed Southerner, though the natives would scorn to absorb it if diluted. Afterwards, Mr. Asquith will play patience at Downing Street.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE will take the cure at the Old Welsh Harp, Hendon. The main feature of the cure is that the patient, wrapped in Welsh flannel, endures a prolonged course of wild Welsh rabbits. Intervals in this programme of gaiety will be devoted by Mr. Lloyd George to a consideration of the question whether he can devise a means of including welshers in his Insurance Bill. After the cure, Mr. Lloyd George will play leap-frog at Criccieth.

MR. JOHN BURNS will spend his holidays at the offices of the Local Government Board, just to see that the clerks and officials remaining on duty do not neglect their business. The salary of Mr. Burns is so large that he feels he must earn it at all hazards. That is why he is so earnest, so restless, and so frightfully busy at all hours and in all places. He wants the public to know that he is worth his keep. After this holiday, Mr. Burns will try to snatch a Sunday off and play at fishing in Battersea Park.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL will first proceed to Blenheim, where he will put up with one of the Dukes. Subsequent arrangements include several visits to the photographers, and a number of walks in London have been mapped out for the convenience of snapshotters. He will also undertake the cure for round shoulders at a school of physical culture. Afterwards, he will play at gee-gees with the yeomanry in Oxfordshire.

MR. KEIR HARDIE will take his cure by paying a round of visits to the head offices of the various railway companies. This is a very strict and strenuous cure, and partakes of a penitential character, the patient being garbed in sackcloth and ashes, and holding a candle to the directors. Mr. Keir Hardie will also take a vacation course at the School of Languages, studying the language of truth. Afterwards, he will play at soldiers at Aldershot.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD will spend his vacation in preparing for his visit to India, where he is to advance the cause of Labour in Great Britain by taking the chair at a native congress. Mr. Macdonald's preparations include the manipulation of Indian clubs, writing a lot of letters in Indian ink, and trying to rub them out with india-rubber, in this way acquiring local colour and familiarity with the products of a great Empire. Afterwards, he will play push-bawbee, for lemonade, at Motherwell.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN will pass the holiday season in contemplation and judicious reflections, to fit himself in all humility for the great task to which he is shortly expecting to be called as leader of his party. He feels that retirement and calm thoughts in almost monastic seclusion are necessary to prepare him for his great elevation as our future Premier. Afterwards, he will play blind-man's buff at Birmingham.

CAPTAIN CRAIG believes in exercise, and will pass the time, all too short, in arming and drilling the loyal sons of Ulster in order to resist the native foe. There is nothing like drill to expand the chest and set the muscles, and Captain Craig believes his holiday will make a different man of him, which would be something of a pity, for he is all-right as he is. Afterwards, Captain Craig will play pitch-and-toss on College Green, Dublin.

CHARACTER DELINEATIONS.

By Our Tame Phrenologist.

III.—J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

Do I belong to the Phrenologists' Trade Union? No, sir, I do not. . . . Why? . . . . Very good reasons why, sir. In the first place, phrenological delineation is a profession, not a trade. In the second place, there is no Phrenologists' Trade Union. And in the third place, phrenologists as a class have so much manly independence and proper pride that they prefer to earn what they honestly make, however little, rather than make more than they honestly earn.

But about this head of yours, sir. Just take a seat. No, you need not remove your collar—unless you wish for a shave, as well as a sketch of your character. . . . Come, come, sir, ; no offence, I'm sure. . . . Sh! Sh! . . . . No need to fumble with *your* bumps to find *Language*, sir. I hear it with my ears before I feel it with my fingers.

Ambition is large, but irregular, indicating that if you can't climb the ladder of success one way, you will another. If you can't step quietly and soberly up the front in the orthodox fashion, you will not hesitate to swarm up the back like a monkey. . . . Don't understand my meaning? . . . . I should have thought that the political application would have been instantly obvious to a man of your perspicacity.

The bump of *Snobbery* is well developed, but balanced by *Cautiousness*, from which one may infer that you possess the talent of kowtowing to the classes or to the masses, according to which suits your purpose at the moment.

The number of pronounced depressions or hollows in your skull is remarkable, sir. If there were a tax on undeveloped talents, as well as on undeveloped land, you would have to make large contributions to the Exchequer. *Wit*, I find *non est*. *Veneration* has given you the go-by. *Conscientiousness* is—er—well, suffering from a fit of depression, let us say—owing to the strike, no doubt. *Ideality* is in its embryonic stage. *Order* is—ah, out of order.

But to climb once more from your cranial valleys and plains to the hills and mountains of your upper crust, I find that *Time* stands out well. Yes, sir; just over the eyes. This, of course, accounts for your fervent advocacy of an eight-hour day. *Time*, indeed, next to *Language*, to which I have already referred, is the best developed of your PERCEPTIVE FACULTIES.

Now, reverting for a moment to your AFFECTIVE FACULTIES, amongst the Propensities I find *Destructiveness* is all very fine and large, and *Acquisitiveness* a little above the normal; thus suggesting that you would cheerfully assist in the destruction of, say, public order and civil peace, provided something could be acquired in the process—say, £400 a year.

Amongst the Sentiments I find *Self-esteem* full grown and ripe—a faculty which you possess to an unusual degree in common with your dear, respected, and cherished friend, Mr. Winston Churchill.

Don't talk to you about Churchill, you say? . . . . Well, sir, I don't want to tread on anybody's corns (though I would very much like to dance on some of their bumps), but considering Mr. Churchill is a client of mine, and a gentleman whom I esteem almost as much as he esteems himself, I can't very. well listen to your abuse of him. . . . I must ask you to be silent, sir. . . . I would sooner forego the fee—which, by the way, you have not yet paid—than hear anybody whose bumps I have felt traduced in this manner. . . . Very good, sir, go! and take your miserable, mediocre bumps with you. . . . Pah! I'm not hard up for a five bob fee. . . . Keep it to add to your £400 a year! . . . .

Next *gentleman*, please!

BILLS THAT OUGHT TO BE PASSED.

By W. M.

IV.—THE RAILWAY [TRAVELLERS' COMFORT] BILL.

PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS travelling by railway has become a common mode of locomotion and a popular means of conveyance from place to place; and

WHEREAS passengers travelling by railway customarily pay for the privilege of so doing; and

WHEREAS the payment of a specified sum of money for a railway ticket should entitle the purchaser of the said ticket not only to the conveyance of his or her person to and from the stations specified on the said ticket, but also to a reasonable measure of bodily comfort as well as freedom from mental, moral, and physical annoyance; and

WHEREAS the railway companies and their servants are not in fact solely responsible for the bodily comfort and mental ease of passengers but certain types of railway passengers are themselves frequently guilty of conduct calculated to discommode, irritate, and otherwise annoy peaceful and well-conducted passengers.

THE BILL.

BE it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same as follows:—

1.—From and after the First day of January, 1912, any female passenger, whether accompanied by a male passenger or not, who knowingly, wittingly, and of intent enters and takes a seat in a smoking compartment for the purpose of making a journey therein, and any person or persons, whether a railway servant or not, aiding or abetting the said female passenger in committing the said act, shall be haled before a magistrate on the charge of having committed a misdemeanour, and upon being convicted may be sentenced to a fine not exceeding forty shillings, and in default seven days' imprisonment without hard labour.

2.—Any female passenger who, in addition to committing the offence defined in Clause 1 of this Act, introduces an infant less than two years of age into a smoking compartment with intent to travel therein shall be deemed guilty of an aggravated offence against the public peace, and upon conviction shall be sentenced to three months' hard labour.

3.—Any female passenger less than forty years of age entering a railway compartment already occupied by not more than one male passenger not less than sixteen years of age, shall be liable to summary arrest, and when brought before a magistrate and convicted may be sentenced to a fine of ten shillings, or in default to seven days' imprisonment without hard labour.

4.—Any passenger who forces his or her conversation on any fellow passenger or passengers shall be deemed guilty of insulting behaviour, and, after having been duly warned, persisting in the said offence, shall be liable to summary arrest, and upon conviction, may be sentenced to three months' hard labour without the option of a fine.

5.—Any passenger who knowingly, wittingly, and of intent eats an orange or cracks nuts in the presence of a fellow passenger or passengers, without first requesting and obtaining the express permission of the said fellow passenger or passengers, shall be deemed guilty of an offence against public order, and upon being brought before a magistrate and convicted, shall be sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with or without hard labour.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page ii. of cover.

RESTAURANTS.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

The only reason why the possessors of nice houses and good cooks frequent eating-houses is an insane desire to mix with strange people. They like to quiz the possessors of funny frocks or red noses, and they fondly imagine that everyone else is consumed with admiration for themselves. I have never been able to understand why they should care a twopenny obsolete Dutch coin about the opinions of persons they are never likely to know and would probably dislike if they did. But the mania is there. Not only does it drive beings who are otherwise intelligent to endanger their stomachs at hostelries, but it leads them to linger in lounges after dinner among half-dressed undesirables, to push and swelter in the park after church time (I do not say church), to angle for invitations to functions supposed to be "smart," to expend much cry with the prospect of very little wool.

Garbage and Gastronomy.

Certainly no sane person goes to a restaurant in search of food. Be it ever so humble, home provides the victuals of your desire, victuals, moreover, whose origin you can to a certain extent control. At a public place, however, you must eat what is set before you or submit to insufferable delays while preparations are made to gratify your desires, and you are utterly helpless if elaborately disguised garbage is set before you. I suppose it is only in some of the lowest of the little eating-houses, which offer a five or six course meal for eighteenpence, that the messes are omposed of scraps collected from rich men's tables.

Foreign Food Faked.

But I remember being told by one of the greatest cooks of the age that his success was due not so much to his culinary triumphs as to his genius in the market. In other words, the cheaper the provisions the greater the profit. You or I would sniff at Russian chickens, Argentine beef or Australian mutton. We would cease to deal with the butcher or poulterer who palmed off such horrors upon us and charged us the price of British produce. But the cook at the Magnificent Hotel (I hope no such place really exists) deliberately sets out to buy foreign food and disguise it beyond recognition with artful sauces and pungent condiments. He is patted on the back for what in the tradesman would be almost a felony.

What the Eye Does Not See.

Again, it is his business to avoid waste. Suppose you order a bisque soup and a mayonnaise of salmon and a grouse. You leave about half untasted. Do you imagine for an instant that all this expensive material is going to be consigned to the dustbin? No doubt anything which you and I have toyed with is thereby improved, sanctified, glorified. But how would you like to know that parts of your beautiful salmi or croquettes or vol-au-vent had previously been bitten by some fat Philistine? My objection to a restaurant, then, is that you have no means whatever of knowing what you are eating.

Wicked Waiters.

You cannot even command due attention. In your own house you would consider it intolerable if your butler interrupted your conversation, or one of your footmen pressed you to partake of a dish which you did not fancy. Such occurrences, however, are by no means infrequent in the garish halls where it is supposed to be a luxury, almost an extravagance, to dine. The ideal waiter, like the ideal child, is seen and not heard. Suppose you are engaged upon some strenuous argument—say the persuasion of a plutocrat that strikes are a godsend; or imagine that you have led a lovely lady to listen to the adumbrations of a declaration; or you have worked up some foolish financier to the psychological moment when he is about to offer you a loan of two hundred pounds. Are you not justified in feeling peevish, even to the flash-point of imprecation and glass-breaking, if an oily foreigner in a doubtful shirt breaks in with inquiries about your liqueurs? I have reached that period of life which rude people call anecdotage, and I find there is scarcely a restaurant in London where I can feel certain that, just as I am approaching the climax of a devilish funny story all about nothing, some greasy wretch will not interpose with a silly question about the treatment of my cucumber or the cutting of my capon.

Death rather than Dishonour.

A well-bred waiter would know that he must wait—at least until I had ceased speaking. He should hang upon my words and wait till the polite laughter which follows the recital of a "chestnut" has subsided before inviting my pronouncement about the next bottle of wine.

Of course the truly magnificent waiter, such as we read of in story-books, never speaks at all. By some subtle intuition he forestalls our desires, he interprets our thoughts before they have been conceived. He is the guardian angel of our gastronomy. Somewhere in the marvellous novels of Disraeli I remember a conclave of the kings of cookery who had been summoned to assist at a duke's coming of age. As I am divorced from my library, I cannot verify my quotation, but there was something about a cook committing suicide because his noble master did not send him special compliments upon a new culinary creation. Similarly, an artistic waiter would feel bound to commit hari-kari, or fling himself into the Serpentine, if you or I had occasion to ask him for a bit of bread or a fork or the powdered ginger which goes with melons. It is his province to exercise the vigilance of a great general and the imagination of an astrologer to forecast our every appetite. But who does that nowadays, even in the gilded saloons of the Magnificent Hotel?

Naughty Neglect.

During an average meal, for which you will have to pay what the French call the eyes of your head, you will be lucky if you do not have to ask a dozen times for things which an £18 maid-of-all-work would have given you as a matter of course. And you are lucky if you obtain an opportunity of asking. When you are in the throes of amorous or financial conversation, the rascals buzz round you like hornets. But when your tongue is hanging out of your mouth for lack of Krug, or when you have no red pepper to go with your grouse, or when you are paralysed by the absence of a silver knife to cut the Fromage de M. de Fromage, you must go through all the tortures of Tantalus. Assuming that you are well-bred, you begin by furtive glances over your left shoulder during the intervals of hilarity or love or commerce, as the case may be. It is a very difficult thing to concentrate the attention upon two important matters at once, say the bamboozling of a buxom wench and the provision of a silver knife for the Fromage de M. de Fromage. Still you do it. You lose a fraction of the joys of conversation, but you do contrive to twist an eyebrow, or curl a lash, or make some ocular demonstration in the direction of the waiter. He is probably engaged in a dispute about a tip, or an argument over the winner of the third race, and, so far as he is concerned, you do not exist. This means that you have to interrupt your conversation, perhaps abondon all hopes of loans and love, hurt your fingers by rapping on the table, affront your sense of music by touching a glass with a knife, perhaps even, if the worse comes to the very worst, raise your voice and shout "Waiter!" in upper C.

The Woes of Wine-bibbers.

Why do restaurants charge such wicked prices for wines? They are out of all proportion to the original cost, and wine-merchants can make a decent living by demanding only about half the price, beside giving long credit in many instances. The only result of such greed is that many people have given up drinking wines altogether at public places, so the caterers overreach themselves. In some restaurants they cannot even make a decent cup. The other day I had to send away a disgusting concoction. The head-waiter came and asked what I would like put into it. I suggested his sending the cook to ask me how I would like the soup made. He replied, "If I had only known, I would have made you a very nice cup myself." Known what? That I would not submit to filth?

Lucus a non lucendo.

Restaurants are so called because they do not restore

The Love of a Beautiful Home

How every reader of "John Bull" may become possessed of a beautiful home, or add to present home-beauty and comfort by purchasing now and paying on a new, convenient and equitable system.

Readers should send to-day for the latest 1911 House-Furnishing Guide. This beautiful album contains over 1,000 half-tone illustrations and coloured plates, it is sent post free on request.

The gratification of this love of possessing a beautiful home is now brought within the reach of every reader of "John Bull," by a new and easy system of payment inaugurated some months ago by the enterprise and business forethought of London's well known furnishing experts, Messrs. Wolfe & Hollander. To anyone who is contemp'ating matrimony or the institution of the home for the first time, and to those who wish to add even a single article to the further comfort or decoration of the home, it must come as a pleasant surprise, the news that a large Bank account is no longer the primary consideration in house furnishing, a steady income is all that is now necessary to ensure a well-furnished home, replete with every requisite of the very best workmanship, executed in the most up-to-date style at practically cash prices on credit extended to suit the convenience. Any reader of "John Bull" who visits the great Furniture Emporium of Messrs. Wolfe & Hollander will be delighted with the beautiful display of artistic and homely furniture displayed in their spacious showrooms. Visitors will be courteously shown over the various floors by experienced representatives who understand their business and can offer valuable suggestions and information. No one is badgered to purchase, cash prices are plainly marked on every article displayed, and a leisurely choice can be enjoyed. After a selection is made—at cash prices—it is only necessary to intimate that the deferred payment system is desired, then it will be found that only 5% is added to the actual cash prices, and payments arranged to suit the convenience of the customer. Thus, if you have chosen £100 worth at cash prices, £105 only will be charged on the new system of payments-at-convenience, £50 cash will be charged at only £52 10s. on deferred payments, larger or smaller amounts pro rata. All goods are delivered carriage paid within the United Kingdom, country customers thus having the same advantages as town residents. If any reader is unable to visit the showrooms, a beautiful furniture album, profusely illustrated and containing every home requisite quoted at lowest cash prices will be forwarded post free. Arrangements can always be made for one of Messrs. Wolfe & Hollander's experts to wait on intending purchasers in any part of the country at a few hours' notice.

The new and equitable system above explained is at your disposal now, why delay? Call or send to-day, the same easy terms are offered to all. You are specially invited to call at the magnificent showrooms, 252-256, Tottenham Court Road, where there is always on hand a huge assortment of up-to-date artistic furniture to select from. You are not badgered to purchase, you choose what you require, and pay what you desire by arrangement.

WOLFE & HOLLANDER, Ltd.,

252-256, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.C.

OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAM.

To Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., Chairman, Labour Party, House of Commons.

SIR,—The violence of your recent attack upon Mr. Churchill in respect of his employment of the military in the strikes is less an example of courage than an exhibition of petulance. When there is any danger in attacking the Government you comfortably cushion in all the postures of masterly inactivity; when they can be assailed without risk to their political existence you sound the bugles and bang the drums, throw down the gage of battle, let loose the dogs of war, and lead your forces, wild-eyed and clamorous for blood, against them in the division lobbies. Let me tell you not only that this theatrical performance is too familar to destroy the appetites or disturb the slumbers of Ministers, but that it no longer impresses the critical Labour chiefs in the country.

It was a performance of this sort which you put upon the House of Commons the other night. Being the hero of the piece, with one eye upon the villain and the other upon the applauding gods, it was in the true spirit of transpontine drama that you should accuse Mr. Churchill of having played a "diabolical part." You did not mean a word you said, and you were speaking to order—compelled for once to play the part for which you were engaged. But you made a poor stage hero. I can understand your feeling compelled to disclaim that interview with you which appeared in the French Socialist paper *Humanité*; it depicts you as the hero of the crisis. The Ministers were deplorable and feeble, but Mr. Ramsay Macdonald made them strong; England was in danger, but Mr. Ramsay Macdonald saved her from the foreign yoke; the Minsters were unable to understand the situation created by the strike, but Mr. Ramsay Macdonald brought a lamp unto their feet and a light unto their path; so at least I understand from the multitude of "I's" which garnish this extraordinary interview. "When I learned yesterday that the diplomatists were once again at a standstill in regard to Morocco," you are reported as having said, "I rose to the occasion"—and told Ministers if they did not get men and masters face to face in conference the Germans would be upon us, I presume. "And your Liberal Ministers," asked the interviewer, "did they shine at all in this affair?" "Of course not," you are reported; "but what do you expect of a Cabinet where you find men quite incapable of understanding——" and so forth. Apart from its ineffable modesty, I see in this interview a humorous after-piece to the blood-and-thunder melodrama which you had enacted in the House of Commons. I am no longer afraid of the coming of the Kaiser. Parliament should vote a pressing request to you to read the *Humanité* interview immediately his Majesty lands in England!—I am certain that he would die of laughing.

Now to the point. Has your attack on Mr. Churchill in any way interfered with the plans for your admission to the Ministry—and, if not (as I take it is the case), when and where are you going? But what about the bye-election? Masterman had a bit of a fright at Bethnal Green, you know—and the League is very strong at Leicester.

JOHN BULL.

To Charles Lee, Esq., Magistrate, Willesden.

YOUR HONOUR,—The other day a person came to your court to complain of certain strange boys playing cards on his doorstep for money. You advised him not to take so narrow a view of an innocent pastime, informed him that you yourself played cards with your children for small amounts, and dismissed him with the excellent advice to cultivate a broader mind. I trust he will do so. But at the same time I do not altogether agree with your giving magisterial sanction to card-gambling by boys on other people's doorsteps. It opens up a wide vista of possibilities somewhat disturbing to contemplate. I am well aware that an Englishman's home is no longer his castle; but that is no reason why his threshold should be converted into a casino by parties of strange boys who may be attracted by the site. A broad mind is a good thing to possess. but it *may* be stretched to too great an extent.

JOHN BULL.

To Sandy McTavish, Esq., Bawbee Cottage, Aberdeen, N.B.

DEAR MCT.,—I note that the Massed Bands Charity Performance in Wesburn Park the other Sunday realised the prodigious sum of £45 11s. 4½d., the joint financial sacrifice of 16,000 Aberdonians. I have heard of many remarkable outbreaks of thrift among the sons of Aberdeen, but upon this occasion there must have been an epidemic. Whether the fact of the performance being on the Sawbath specially influenced the contagion—whether the noble 16,000 had given so much at the kirk in the morning, or intended to give so much at night, that they were compelled to economise their siller in the afternoon, I have no means of ascertaining; the fact is that they did not contribute a bawbee apiece among them. It will interest me very much, my dear McTavish, to be informed when the Aberdonian intends to make an effort to outlive his reputation as the meanest man on earth. When is it he intends to prove that he has at any rate occasional moments, I will not say of generosity, but of sacrifice? My reason for inquiry is that I have been thinking of making an appeal to Scotsmen to contribute to a statue of such an Aberdonian to be erected in his native city for the contemplation of the world, and to request you to head the subscription list with a contribution of saxpence. Excuse my writing to you in my own language; I would have written in yours if I had not been assured by the natives that I am rather rocky in the spelling.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Train Porter, Railway Buildings, London.

DEAR BILL,—No doubt you will be surprised at receiving a letter from me, but the fact of it is I am rather sorry for you; I think you have a grievance, and my sympathy is with you. For a long time the railway companies have been able to keep you at existence point because they were aware the public were making up in tips what you were denied in wages. In other words, Bill, the companies starved you, and the public gave you food. This state of things has never been satisfactory either to you or the public, because in practice it has meant that the people who look like giving the large tips have received the most efficient and obliging service while the others had to shift for themselves. I don't blame you, understand; for even a railway porter has his feelings.

You still receive the old starvation wages, of course, but the tips have all but vanished. It is as plain as a pikestaff. In recent years the railway companies have developed an ever-growing luggage-in-advance system. At one time I used to take my baggage with me in a cab; now I write to the company, and they collect it at my door and forward it to its destination at a shilling a package. Hundreds of thousands of packages are dealt with by the railways in this way during the season, and though all this means additional revenue for them, it means decreased income for you. The railways, who kept you at the lowest possible wages because they knew the public would give you a few extra shillings a week, still keep you at hunger point. It is for this reason, my dear fellow, that I am with you in your demand for a minimum wage, and you may rely upon my patronage and support in getting it. Give my best regards to the missus. There's a brighter day coming, tell her.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Ernest Cassel.

DEAR SIR,—Please explain how it came to pass that a German newspaper published a private letter, written by Dom Manoel to you. Did you innocently exhibit it to a journalist? or did you think publication would assist the intrigues of your little friend? Scarcely, for it was obvious that the German Emperor would have to deny his alleged promise never to desert the Dom. Of course the letter was written by that "young and inexperienced ex-King" in the hope of extracting a loan for seditious purposes. Naturally, too, you desired confirmation of the alleged promise before you pulled out your cheque-book. But unless you offer some explanation, I may be driven to the conclusion that you intended to upset the Pretender's apple-cart. R.S.V.P.

JOHN BULL.

Secretan and Co., Salisbury House.

How long are you going to let the farce be kept up about the "Foam Queen"? Why not explain to our experts that the "gun plate" is merely a "doubling plate" to strengthen the old craft?

BULL.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

COUNTING THE COST.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By VERAX.

AT WORK AGAIN—THE COST OF STRIKES—ABSURDITY OF NATIONALISATION OF RAILWAYS WITH PARTY GOVERNMENT—THE MOROCCO QUESTION—WHEN WILL MARKETS RECOVER?

After much hesitation, the whole of the men on strike have gone back to work again, but it is only a truce, after all, and the acceptance by labour, under the influence of their leaders, of the findings of the Royal Commission has yet to come. *Home Rails* are rallying, but slowly, in view of the heavy losses of traffics. As explained elsewhere, the cost of strikes to the nation is indeed ruinous. As to the talk of *nationalisation of railways*, it is all moonshine. Apart from the danger of such schemes with party Government, there is an enormous sum involved, while the position is by no means attractive. At the end of 1911 there were in the United Kingdom 23,280 miles of railway open, while the total paid-up share capital was £1,314,406,642. Total traffic receipts for 1909 were £110,682,266, or £4,754 per mile, working expenses £75,037,588, or 62 per cent. of the gross, leaving net receipts £45,136,464, which works out to 3.42 per cent. on the total capital, while the actual rate of interest paid is only 3.15 per cent. The Stock Markets have not yet regained their equilibrium, which is not, perhaps, surprising after the recent upheaval. Moreover, the liquidation of speculative accounts has made further progress, and Berlin has been heavily hit by the further slump in *Yankees* and *Canadian Pacifics*. In the States the strike spectre has appeared, and with regard to *Canadian Pacifics*, the hope of a bonus on new issues has disappeared. I am still of opinion that both should be left alone for the present. Nervousness concerning the Morocco question has also been against the market and caused heavy French sales. It appears, too, that much of the recent liquidation from the Continent has been on account of the second-rate Franco-Belgian Syndicate, which was saddled with the bulk of the recent *14 million sterling Argentine loan*. The non-success of the issue compelled the Syndicate to rake in all its resources and to sacrifice important blocks of *Yankees*, *Canadian Rails*, *Kaffirs*, and *Rhodesians*. We are now being told for the dozenth time that the liquidation is over, and the news concerning Morocco is certainly better. *Consols* have been firm all along, but this is owing to Government support. *Foreigners* are not quite so firm, *Russians* having suffered a set back, but *Argentines* are strong, owing to excellent reports of the coming wheat harvest. *Tintos* are flat with other *Copper* shares, which have been depressed in sympathy with *Yankees*. *Kaffirs* and *Rhodesians* are very cheap, and anyone buying the sound shares now is bound to see big profits. *Mexican Rails* are still moving irregularly, but *Argentine Rails* are improving. *Oil* shares are cheap and tempting, especially *Maikop Victory* and *Black Sea Oilfields*. *Rubber* is distinctly firmer, and the shares are more promising now with *fine hard Para* at 4s. 10½d., and *Plantation No. 1 Rubber* at 5s. 7½d., while forward contracts for the whole of next year are being made at 4s. 7d.

AFTER THE HOME RAILWAY STRIKE—THE HEAVY LOSSES INFLICTED.

Latest information available with regard to the consequences of the Home Railway strike is very unfavourable. It had not been anticipated that the direct losses in traffic would be so heavy as they are proving. The total traffic decrease of the British lines for the week ended the 20th ult. amounted to £463,555, of which the bulk falls upon the heavy lines, which contribute over £400,000. The *North Western* decrease was £101,000, the *Great Western* £91,000, the *Midland* £54,000, *Lancashire and Yorkshire* £50,000, and the *North Eastern* £50,000. It may also be expected that the aftermath of the strike will be felt for many weeks yet, so that decreases will be the fashion, instead of the increases to which we have been accustomed. This is certainly out of all proportion to the amount of strike pay which the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants have had to dispense, and which will certainly not exceed £70,000. These figures should convince even the railway servants of the ruinous effect of sudden strikes. In fact, repetitions of these would make it impossible for the companies to pay them higher wages, or even the same wages. The next point is the finding of the Railway Commission, and it is not surprising that, instead of a rise in *Home Rails*, we have now a very weak and uncertain market, for, after all, it is only a truce yet, and the temper exhibited by the railway servants during this upheaval is not calculated to cause a feeling of confidence to prevail in the future. Before the strike broke out it was customary to calculate the yield of the stocks on the dividends paid for the twelve months ended June 30 last, and on that basis *North Western* yield about 5 per cent. at the present price of 138, *Great Western* 4⅛ per cent. at 122½, *Lancashire and Yorkshire* £4 19s. per cent., *Midland Deferred* considerably above 5 per cent., while it has been calculated that *Brighton "A,"* if matters were to go on satisfactorily, should yield at least 5 per cent. on the present price of 100. The question, however, is as to whether during the remaining four months of the year, traffics will sufficiently recover to make good the heavy losses which the companies are experiencing. Some of the goods traffic may be recovered, but the passenger traffic, is, of course, lost. The outlook is, of course, for an increase in wages, without which I suppose the railway servants will not be satisfied, and to which the companies are evidently prepared to submit provided they can increase the rates. This apparently has been conceded to them by the Government, but even if an advance in rates be permitted, it is impossible to tell at present what the effect upon dividends may be on the various lines, as circumstances differ in respect to most of them. Take, for instance, the *Midland*, which is principally a goods line. The net revenue for the second half of 1910 was £6,222,371, while the total expenditure was £3,910,354, so that it absorbed 60 per cent. of the gross revenue. Wages accounted for £2,216,370, or 56.75 per cent. of the working costs. To increase wages by 10 per cent. would cost the company £221,637 for the half-year, if by 15 per cent. £332,455, and if by 20 per cent. £443,274, while for the whole year the amounts have, of course, to be doubled. Taking as a basis the official figures, I find that an increase of 5 per cent. on the present passenger, parcels and merchandise rates would improve the revenue by £325,000, which would permit of an increase in wages of 15 per cent., without affecting profits, but many other companies are not in so good a position, and the question then remains as to how far the higher rates would interfere with passenger and goods traffic. The position is, therefore, rather a complicated one, and until it is possible to see that this strike has not dealt a very serious blow to British trade, it is impossible to gauge the amount of losses to be dealt with. I have seen some estimates putting the loss to the country through all the strikes at a hundred millions sterling, and reckoning all the indirect losses (Liverpool alone figures at nine millions), loss of trade, destruction of perishable goods, fall in the price of stocks and shares, the total may easily reach that figure.

HOW INDUSTRIALS HAVE FARED IN THE STRIKE CRISIS—NOW PAYING THE BILL.

Like *Home Rails*, Industrial securities suffered less during the strike and other labour difficulties than afterwards, when it became evident that the dislocation caused thereby of trade and industry was likely to cost most of these companies a pretty penny. In fact, the railways are now already engaged in paying the bill, and there is no reason to suppose that industrial companies will escape the toll. Thus, during the height of the trouble, *Associated Cements* fell to 5⅛, as compared with the highest price this year of 9⅛, while the present quotation is no better than 5½. Another company which has suffered severely has been *Vickers*, shares in which are now at 40s., after having been down to 39s. Not so long ago these shares ruled at 47s. 3d., and they seem to be very cheap now, in view of the important contracts which the company has secured in various parts of the world. *London General Omnibus* have come down this year from 132 to 109, and have been as low as 100, although traffic returns continue very satisfactory. There is an idea that when the railway employees have got their expected wages increases, the omnibus men might agitate again for similar treatment. The catering companies have not suffered to any appreciable extent, and *Lyons* are steady at 5⅞, although this compares with 6¾ at one time touched this year. *Coats* have come down this year from 14 to 11½, but the latter price is quite high enough, considering that these shares are only of the face value of £1 each, and that even now the yield is no more than 3 per cent. per annum. Whether the directors will make a distribution out of the reserves, for which the market is still hoping against hope, yet remains to be seen. *Hudson's Bays* have been affected by the weakness of the Canadian Railway division, in addition to the general depression, and are consequently down to 102, which compares with the highest of nearly 119 a few months ago. Shipping stocks have suffered from the Liverpool dock troubles, especially *Cunards*, which at 15⅞ are nearly 3 points below the highest of this year. This company has been such an erratic dividend-payer that it can ill afford the losses which have resulted from the labour troubles. *Gramophones* flare up every now and then, and are quoted at something over 40s., at which the shares are fully valued,

considering the highly speculative character of the concern. *Anglo "A"* have been comparatively well held throughout, and now stand at 25¾, in view of the leasing of the undertaking of the company by the Western Union, and the belief that on the terms given the stock is worth nearer 30.

THE POSITION OF ARGENTINE RAILS—SUITABLE INVESTMENTS IN VIEW OF THE DANGERS OF YANKEE RAILS.

The break in *Yankee Rails* has undoubtedly hit a great many people severely, who will probably turn to other securities. *Argentine Rails* have always been a favourite investment with the British public, and present prices are upon the whole moderate. It may, therefore, be assumed that investors will feel inclined to place their money into them, especially as they can buy them at present to pay from 5¼ to 5½ per cent., selecting the best class of stocks. The yield naturally will depend upon the result of the half-year, the announcement of the dividends being due at the end of September, but it is generally anticipated that the distributions will be at least maintained. Provided this is the case, yields of the four leading stocks would be as follows:—

	Div. p.c. per annum.	Highest prices.	Present prices.	Yield p.c. per annum.
B. A. Pacific	5 —	143¾ (1905)	95 ..	3 3 3
B. A. Great Southern..	7 —	158½ (1899)	125 ..	5 12 0
B. A. Western	7 —	134 (1896)	131 —	5 6 6
Central Argentine ..	6 —	121 (1906)	106½ ..	5 12 9

The total increases in the gross traffic for the whole year ended June 30, 1911, were as follows:—*Central Argentine*, £673,078; *Buenos Ayres Western*, £338,877; *Buenos Ayres Great Southern*, £382,485; and *Buenos Ayres and Pacific*, £523,339. Of course, it must be considered that these large increases proceed chiefly from the excellent wheat harvest, while, on the other hand, the maize crop has been a very poor one. This chiefly affects the *Central Argentine*, but the *Buenos Ayres and Pacific*, and *Buenos Ayres Great Southern* are also maize-carrying lines. For the current financial year most of the companies have made a good beginning, as is shown by the following increases, from July 1 to August 19:—*Buenos Ayres and Pacific*, £30,319; *Buenos Ayres Great Southern*, £22,778; *Buenos Ayres Western*, £22,181; the *Central Argentine* alone shows a decrease of £100,102, owing to the comparison with last year's unprecedentedly heavy movement of maize, against which there is very little to set off this year. Upon the whole, the position is, therefore, encouraging, and although it is still some months before the 1911 crop can be gathered, latest advices respecting the new wheat crop are very favourable, while the area under cultivation has largely increased. The only drawback appears to be that the supply of labour is not quite adequate; but no doubt everything will be done that is possible in order to reap the crops.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish to, for transacting business, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

STOCK EXCHANGE COMMISSION.—D. G. R. (N.W.).—It is impossible to give you the whole list of charges for commission on shares. It depends upon what kind of shares they are—Mining, or Railways, or General—and also what their value is. You had better tell me on which shares you complain of having been overcharged. (2) This has been attended to.

CONVERSION OF BUSINESS INTO LIMITED COMPANY.—T. W. (Ely).—Just now promoters are not at all anxious to undertake business, in view of the strike mania which is passing through the country and stopping business. When matters assume their normal condition again you should advertise in, say, *The Times* or *Daily Telegraph*. (2) Have nothing to do with the firm you mention. They are not reliable.

PREMIUM BONDS.—BANN.—Your Premium Bonds are all right enough, and I will send you the name of a firm of foreign bankers in London, who will keep you informed as to the drawings, against a small charge, and who will also be able to buy and sell for you on fair terms. L. F. G.—I send you the price list of a firm who are dealing fairly, and with whom you should place yourself in communication.

INHERITANCE IN JAMAICA.—F. D. (Newport).—This matter has been delayed far too long, as your relative died at Port Royal, Jamaica, between 1842 and 1845. The best thing you can do is to write to the Attorney General of Jamaica, T. B. Oughton, Esq., to ascertain whether it really is a fact that this fortune of £75,000 has been bequeathed in sugar plantations, etc., and if so, what has become of it.

SMALL BANK.—HOUSE D'AFFAIRES.—I do not advise the concern in question. You should do business only with one of the leading joint stock banks.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—A. A. W. (Great Yarmouth).—You had better communicate with the Official Liquidator, whose address is at the London Bankruptcy Court.

TURF AGENTS.—J. T. (Merthyr Tydfil).—This request has been attended to. (2) I really cannot possibly tell you which are the best Turf Agents. Several good ones advertise in JOHN BULL.

3 TO 4 PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.—W. B. S.—Put the money into the following gilt-edged securities:—Western Australian 3½ per cent. bonds, at 96½; London County 3 per cent., at 84½; Great Western 4 per cent. Debentures, at 113.

VARIOUS INVESTMENTS.—J. C. H.—All the stocks in question are second-class, while the Industrials mentioned are even more speculative. By spreading the money over them all, you would, of course, considerably reduce the average risk. You have yourself placed them pretty well in order of merit, although I do not care much for No. 4. The firm in question are outside brokers; have nothing to do with them. They do not work for nothing, and if they do not charge commission, they get it out of you in some other way.

£200 INVESTMENT.—A. O. C.—(1) Midland Deferred, now that the labour trouble is settled. (2) Japanese 4 per cent. bonds (3) Maikop Victory are at present the most attractive share in the Maikop Oil division.

VARIOUS.—O. W. (Sheffield).—(1) It should be worth while now holding for a recovery. (2) You must be aware that I advise dealings with members of the Stock Exchange. (3) Yes. (4) Maikop shares—and Maikop Victorys in particular—would be preferable.

DOUBTFUL MINES.—ENGINEER.—I am afraid that the Mines, Nos. 1 to 3, are of a more or less doubtful character, and there is no market for any of their shares. The Oil shares (4) are lower, in sympathy with the general weakness of the Oil market; no option but to hold for a recovery.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL, ETC.—BOB.—(1) Outside brokers; have nothing to do with them. (2) You can do better in Home securities, especially when the labour clouds have rolled by.

£350 INVESTMENT.—DOLLY.—The higher the interest, the greater the risk, and none of the securities in question is better than second-rate, or even third-rate, while the market is but a limited one. West Canadian Collieries Debs. are about the best of the lot; their quotation is 97, the yield being £6 13s. 9d. per cent. per annum.

[A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.]

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

DESTRUCTION OF POLICIES.—W.S.B. (Kensal Green).—You should state the facts to the head office of the company, and they may see their way, upon your making a certain declaration, to give you new policies.

STATUS OF COMPANY.—J. C. B. (Sedgley).—The company to which you refer is one of high standing, established as far back as 1830.

STATE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—C. W. (Liverpool).—We see no sufficient reason why you should not do so.

CLAIM FOR BURGLARY.—M. R. (Knockmore).—It is impossible for us to answer your question as to whether you could enforce your claim against the company without fuller information than you send us. Let us have a copy of Clause 1., upon which the manager rests his refusal.

LONDON AND MANCHESTER INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE CO.—J.K. (Hackney).—You say that you took out a policy with this company in March, 1892, and that ever since then you have paid premiums regularly, the whole amounting to just over £8, that you are now out of work, and that upon asking the company for a surrender value they told you there was none, but that in the circumstances they were willing to give you £1 8s. We can quite understand your refusal to accept this offer. Unfortunately you are helpless in the matter. The company is under certain obligations to you, but those obligations do not include the payment of surrender value, consequently they need not offer you anything, and it is for you to decide whether you will take the £1 8s. or not.

VALIDITY OF POLICY.—R.D. (London).—If the facts are as you state them the policy is valid.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT MUTUAL GUARANTEE SOCIETY.—SWIFT (Nunhead Grove).—We think so. The company was formed to do fidelity workmen's compensation business in 1890.

SCOTTISH LEGAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—J. S. (Hull).—Having regard to the specific assurance of the treasurer we do not think you need have any apprehension as to the policies not being met in the event of the death of the assured.

PURCHASE OF ANNUITY.—BRITISHER (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—The companies you name are in the front rank, and you may rely upon it that any obligations they enter into they will fulfill.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.—R. H. G. (Coventry).—All the leading offices are much of a muchness, but you might try a non-tariff office, say, the Fine Art and General, 80, Cheapside.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.—VERATIS (Letchworth).—The answer is in the affirmative.—COVENTRY (Leamington).—Ditto.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—L. D. (Loughor).—We daresay the policy would be paid at death, but it is illegal, and if you can prove the complicity of the agent, as we gather from your letter you can prove it, you might recover the premiums paid. J. D. M. (Glasgow).—See previous answer. S. H.—State the facts and make a demand for the return of premiums. M. A. P. (Hastings).—If the facts are as you state them, you can recover the premiums paid. E. B. LLANGEFILL.—It is necessary to prove that the agent was a party to the deception. F. R. (Lewisham).—The agent misled you, but you can only recover if you can prove that he did so deliberately. F. C. (Paddington).—Having got the loan of £26 and accepted the £3 7s., we are afraid you have put yourself out of court, but we understand your annoyance. E. P. (Plumstead).—If you cease to pay the premiums, the policies must lapse. H. S. (London).—The policies seem to be in order. We return them under cover.

ROYAL LIVER FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—W. P. (Birmingham).—Assuming the policy was taken out to cover funeral expenses, the secretary is right when he says that it is covered by the Act of 1909, and on the face of the letters you send for our perusal, we think you may safely rely upon the policies being paid at death.

SCEPTRE LIFE ASSOCIATION.—P. Q. W. (Bradford).—We do not see how we can help you. The trouble in your case, as in so many others, is that you sign without examination, and examine only when it is too late.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.—DEVONIAN (Fulham).—This company is a leading American Insurance Company, doing a large business in the United Kingdom.

RECOVERY OF PREMIUMS.—O. A. (Saltcoats).—You could only recover if you prove fraud on the part of the agent.

BRITISH KEY AND PROPERTY REGISTRY, LTD.—You have been unfortunate, seeing that the covering office for accident risks is now in liquidation, but, of course, the ultimate result is as you surmise.

OWNERSHIP OF POLICY.—T. E. M. (Padiham).—If the policy is in your father's name, we do not see how your mother is to surrender without his co-operation. The fact that she has always paid the premiums does not affect the matter seeing that they were paid on his behalf. If now he fails to pay, the policy must lapse unless you can come to terms with him.

It is requested that all letters sent us relating to the validity of policies held in the Prudential be marked on the envelope "Prudential." Owing to the thousands of enquiries which have been received, some little delay in dealing with them is unavoidable, but every endeavour is being made to expedite answers.

THE LETTERS OF MRS. MALAPROP-BROWNE.

DEAR JOHN,—Mr. Malaprop-Browne having been urgently summonsed up to town, we have been obliged to cut short our stay at Cows and hasten back to what old Cobbett used to call the When—why, I do not know.

Mr. Browne, who can be very close when he likes, has not yet told me the reason of our horrid return to London; but I have a shrewd superstition that it is on account of the political saturation. Although he says little or nothing, I can see he is troubled in mind. The eye of infection cannot be deceived. I know he is worried about something. Why does he not confide in me, the fateful wife of his besom?

I fancy he is afraid he will not be crated a puppy peer after all. I shall be deeply dissipated if he is not. I asked him at breakfast yesterday what tittle he had chosen, and suggested Baron Prop of Malaprop; but he only gruntled, and told me not to count my chickens before they were hatched. Where upon I said no more, not wishing to irrigate him further.

Mr. Balfour's Vote of Censor on the Government seems to have caused a great stir. One cannot but symbolize with the Leader of the Supposition; but at the same time, it seems to me absurd to kick against the prigs in the way he is doing. The Ridicule Party are in power with a large majority, and it is no use blinking facts, as I said to Mr. Malaprop-Browne only this morning.

"That's a blinking fact," he replied bitterly.

Nevertheless, Mr. Balfour is in an awkward precision. With the hedgers dragging him one way, and the ditchers another, he will require all his nefarious rigidity to escape being torn in two, like a half-sheet of notepaper. But, no doubt, by the time these few lines reach you we shall know the worst.

I was very much bemused the other day to read in the paper that plain, and even ugly, men are in great flavour with the fair sects nowadays. The prettiest women, said the article, do not hesitate to marry the ugliest man, using them as a file for their own beauty. I can now understand how it was that I came to marry Mr. Malaprop-Browne. I pointed this out to him at breakfast this morning; but to my surprise, he turned quite huffy. Politics seem to have a very ingenious effect upon the temper. I often wish Mr. Browne would drop politics and take up religion instead. I'm certain he could peach a very good salmon, if he only gave his mind to it, and took holy odours. I hinted as much to him the other day; but he flew into a passion, and said, "Holy odours be damped!" So I conclude he has no sirius leanings towards the Church.

Which reminds me what a fuss the majority of men make about going to church on Sundays. I saw it mansioned recently that more men would go to church if we women wore smaller hats. I don't agree. Of course, I can only speak from my knowledge of Mr. Browne; but he always asks me to wear my largest hat whenever he goes to church with me, so that he can go to sleep under it without being seen, he says.

* * *

I was compelled to break off my pistol abruptly, as Mr. Malaprop-Browne has just returned from the Liberal hindquarters. He is in a very bad tumour, which is not surprising, as he has been told that he has not been selected for a puppy peerage. He declares that he will now follow Wisdom Churchill's example, and turn his goat, as they say, thinking, like him, that what he cannot get from one party he may get from the other. Anyhow, whatever skim he enters upon, he will have the caudal support of

Yours severely,
MATILDA MALAPROP-BROWNE.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

"TABLOID TALES."

By LOUISE HEILGERS.

Preface by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

£500 FOR A COPY OF "JOHN BULL."

UNIQUE OFFER FOR THE MILLIONTH COPY OF "JOHN BULL" SOLD IN ONE WEEK

The regular weekly circulation of JOHN BULL is gradually approaching one million copies, and in this connection we now make the following unique offer:—

We will pay the sum of £500 for the first millionth copy actually sold. This is no lottery. We wish to obtain the copy, frame, it, and preserve it, as marking an absolute record in the case of a British Weekly Periodical.

We could easily increase our printing order to one million and preserve the millionth copy so printed. That, however, would have no future value. What we desire to secure is the first *millionth copy* actually circulated in the Trade *and sold*—and this is how we propose to get it. Such copy will bear upon it a distinctive number (not necessarily 1,000,000)—made automatically by the printing machine and unknown to any living soul except the directors of John Bull, Ltd., who guarantee that the copy so numbered will go into circulation through the Trade in the ordinary way.

The millionth copy may be in circulation any week now, and all we ask our readers to do is to carefully preserve their JOHN BULLS and await a further announcement.

Let it be clearly understood, however, that in making this offer we are actuated solely by commercial considerations. The millionth copy of a British Weekly Periodical—actually circulated and sold through the Trade—is something which any Proprietors would willingly pay £500 for as a permanent advertisement. We shall keep it on view as a valuable memento in the history of JOHN BULL.

We shall in due course indicate the indentifying number.

"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE——"

(*I have some doubt whether a man can criticise a game from the best standpoint unless he himself has taken part in it.*—Mr. H. S. PRITCHETT, in *Scribner's Magazine.*)

Though I couldn't catch or trundle for innumerable nuts,
And the willow I have never tried to wield,
I am often seen at Lord's
Midst the cricket-loving hordes
When Northumberland and Flintshire take the field.
I could tell you in a moment when Tom Hayward won his blue,
Or the way to spot a fieldsman who's off-side,
And exultant is my shout
If "C. B." is given out
When his middle stump is shattered by a wide.
If a lob deceives the batsman, and at lightning speed the sphere
Rebounds from longstop's shin-guards to the sticks,
I am always first to lead
The applause with "Played indeed!"
And I love to see a leg-bye snicked for six.
"Butterfingers" is my comment if, at long mid-wickets, Hirst
Lets a cut to leg elude his outstretched hand,
But when Jessop smites a single
With delight my pulses tingle,
As I see the leather soaring o'er the stand.
You should hear me murmur "Pretty!" when the umpire cries "No ball!"
You should see me frown austerely when short slip
To the touch-line races madly,
Muffs a fast half-volley badly,
And the Cornstalks win the County Championship.

F. J. WHITMARSH.

In reference to an article in our issue of August 19, Messrs. Woodthorpe, Browne and Co., of 27, St. Clement's Lane, write denying that they are money-lending solicitors, or that for the purpose of producing litigation they carry on such a business under the guise of a company. The loan in question was procured from the St. Clement's Contract Corporation, who are promoters and financiers, at the solicitation of a client, when the proposed borrower had failed to obtain it elsewhere. They acted solely as solicitors in the transaction, the promissory note and transfer being made out to the lenders, and it is quite untrue that Mr. Browne informed the borrower that he carried on business under the name of the Corporation. Messrs. Woodthorpe obtained no benefit whatever from the transaction, they not receiving a single penny in connection therewith.

OUR SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENT SCHEME.

A NOVEL ARRANGEMENT FOR THE BENEFIT OF "JOHN BULL" READERS.

We have inaugurated a scheme which will enable any of our readers to enjoy first-class entertainments during their seaside holidays at considerably reduced prices, and in many cases HALF PRICE *during August and September.*

By arrangement with the Proprietors of the entertainments mentioned below, any reader on presentation of the coupon to be found at the foot of the tablet on Page 1 *of the cover may obtain admission at half price (or at the reduced price), to the performances as set forth below.*

Coupons from our "companion" journal, "Mrs. Bull," will also be accepted.

Such arrangements have never been made before by any journal, and we are confident that those of our readers, either residents or on holiday in the towns mentioned, will not hesitate to avail themselves of these opportunities to the full.

ARBROATH.—*Will Irvin's "Merry Magnets," Cannon Common.* Alfresco Promenade Concerts. Half price to all seats at afternoon performances.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—*Bijou Theatre, Town Hall Square.* Half price to 6d. and 1/- seats at Matinees, except Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Coronet Entertainers, The Lawn, Marina. Half price to 6d. and 1/- seats at all morning performances except Wednesdays and Saturdays.

BLACKPOOL.—*Tivoli Electric Theatre (opposite North Pier).* Half price to 1/6, 1/- and 6d. seats.

Big Wheel or Jolly Wheel. Specially reduced admission. 2d.

BOGNOR.—*The Pier Picture Theatre.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats (special nights excepted).

BOURNEMOUTH.—*West's Pictures, Shaftesbury Hall.* Half price to all seats.

BRIDLINGTON.—*The New Spa, Gardens and Opera House.* 6d. Day Tickets issued at Half price.

BRIGHTON.—*Grand Concert Hall Picture Palace, West Street.* Admission to 9d. seats 4d.: 6d. seats 3d.; 3d. seats 2d. (except on Bank Holiday).

BROADSTAIRS.—*Bohemia.* Half price to all seats at 6.30 performances.

CLACTON-ON-SEA.—*Operetta House.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats: 9d. seats 4d., except on Saturdays and Bank Holiday.

DEAL.—*Collins' Royal Animated Pictures, Marina Hall.* 6d. seats 4d.: 3d. seats 2d. at all Matinees and on Tuesday and Friday evenings.

DOUGLAS.—*Charles Dare's Minstrels, on Douglas Head.* Special free seats to all performances. Daily 11 and 3. (Wet days in the *Empire Theatre.* Coupon holders half price to 1/- and 6d. seats.)

Empire Theatre. Twice nightly. Half price to 1/- seats only.

DOVER.—*Shanly's Animated Pictures, Wellington Hall, Snargate Street.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats, 3d. seats 2d. (except on Weds. and Sats.).

DOVERCOURT.—*Victoria Hall and Gardens.* Mr. Chas. D. Wright's Stars of Eve Concert Party. Half price admission (excepting Costume Nights and Bank Holiday). Evenings at 8, Matinees Saturday at 3.

EASTBOURNE.—*Gallery of Illustration, Terminus Road.* Half price to 6d., 1/- and 1/6 seats at all performances, excepting Saturdays and Bank Holiday.

FILEY.—*Andie Caine's Entertainers, The Sands.* 3d. seats 2d. at morning performances. Also at the Pavilion at the evening performances 6d. seats 4d., 3d. seats 2d.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—*The Gem Picture Palace (opposite the Jetty).* 9d. seats 6d., 6d. seats 4d. to the morning performances.

HASTINGS.—*Pelham Hall Electric Theatre, Pelham Place.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats. 3d. seats 2d.

HERNE BAY.—Messrs. Rouse, Way and Wilson. *Central Hall and Avenue Gardens, Pier Avenue.* Half price to all matinees.

ILFRACOMBE.—*Gaiety Concert Hall, Promenade.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats at matinees. 1/6 seats 1/- on Monday evenings only.

JERSEY.—*West's Pictures, Royal Hall.* Half price to all seats.

LITTLEHAMPTON.—*Harry Joseph's Arcadia.* Half price to all seats (except on Wednesdays and Bank Holiday).

LLANDUDNO.—*Arthur Sutcliffe's Entertainers. Pier Head Pavilion.* Half price to afternoon performances.

MARGATE.—*Parade Cinema (opposite the Pier).* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats, afternoon performances, and half price 1/- seats, evening performances only.

MOFFAT.—*Will Knott's Entertainers, Baths Lawn.* Half price to Afternoon Concerts.

PAIGNTON.—*Pavilion on the Green.* Fred Spencer's Entertainment. Reduced prices to afternoon performances. 6d. seats 4d.; 3d. seats 2d.; Half price to promenade.

RAMSGATE.—*Royal Victoria Pavilion and Theatre.* Promenade Concerts 11 to 1 and 3 to 5. Picture Shows 3 to 5, and Sunday concerts between 8.15 p.m. and 9.45 p.m. Half price to all seats except those at 2d.

RHYL.—*Olympian Gardens and Al-fresco Pavilion, High Street.* Complete change of company weekly. 1/- seats 9d., 6d. seats 4d. at all Matinees and Tuesday and Friday evenings. Afternoon teas served free.

ROTHESAY.—*The Palace.* Stuart Debnam and his Jesters. Half price to 6d. seats at all Matinees and half price to 1/- seats to evening performances every Wednesday ("John Bull" evening).

RYDE.—*Theatre Royal.* Half price to all performances except on Saturdays and Bank Holiday

SALTBURN.—*Electric Theatre.* 6d. seats 4d., 3d. seats 2d.

SANDGATE.—*Alhambra Theatre of Varieties.* Half price to performances on Thursdays and Fridays.

SCARBOROUGH.—*The Olympia Picture Palace, Foreshore Road.* Half-price to all seats (except on Sundays).

SHANKLIN.—*The Favourites. Muller's Green Esplanade.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats. Day performances only and Children's Competitions.

SOUTHEND.—*The Happy Valley.* Lyell Johnston's Jovial Cards. Half price to afternoon performances.

SOUTHPORT.—*Pierhead.* Bert Byrne's Pierrots. Half price to 6d. seats (except Mondays and Saturdays:

TEIGNMOUTH.—The Bohemians. *Esplanade Pavilion.* 6d. seats 4d., 3d. seats 2d., matinees only.

TENBY.—*The Blue Myths, Coronation Gardens.* 1s. seats, 9d.; 6d. seats, 4d. Special nights excepted. Also (after July 31st) 6.30 performances will be added. Half price to 1s. and 6d. seats.

VENTNOR.—*Electric Palace, High Street.* Half price to 1/- reserved seats and 6d. centre seats.

WESTGATE-ON-SEA.—*Town Hall.* Admission to all entertainments at half price.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—*Shanly's Animated Pictures, Victoria Hall, Boulevard.* Half price to 6d. seats; 3d. seats 2d. (except on Thursdays and Saturdays).

WHITBY.—*The Spa.* 6d. day tickets at half price.

WHITLEY BAY.—Charles Elderton's Entertainers, *Summer Gardens.* Half price admission except on Fridays and Bank Holiday.

WORTHING.—*The Kursaal, Promenade.* Comedy Comets. Entertainments in the Gardens at 3 and 8. 9d. seats, 6d.; 6d. seats, 3d.; to Afternoon performances only. Animated Pictures in the Kursaal (up to 8 p.m.) 1/- seats, 6d.; 6d. seats, 3d.

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Preface by

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEW.

BY WALTER MOORE.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR.

I met Mr. Balfour stalking gloomily along the promenade at Bad Gastein. There was an expression in his lack-lustre eye as he passed that stirred my compassion. I turned suddenly, collided violently with a stout old lady who had been wheezily following close at my heels, apologised breathlessly, and hurried after the forlorn leader of the Opposition.

"Arthur," I gasped, when I had all but overtaken him; "*Ar*-thur!"—and his legs seemed as long as the arm of coincidence.

He paused, turned, and regarded me sorrowfully, whilst I missed what I had never missed before—his genial, fascinating smile.

"You?" he said, interrogatively. "This is no place for you. Your task is to interview the powerful, the rising, and the great. I no longer am fit fuel for your pen. There was a time, perhaps, when—" and Mr. Balfour paused, and dashed away a tear.

"Come, come," I murmured, taking the sobbing politician by the arm, and leading him to a secluded seat. "Once give way, and all is lost."

"It seems to me that all is lost whether I give way or not," retorted Mr. Balfour, in dejected tones.

"Now, tell what precisely is the 'all' that is lost," I invited, seating the stricken statesman at my side.

"My prestige," replied Mr. Balfour, in a voice surcharged with grief. "I have lost my grip on the younger and more go-ahead members of my party. The young chiefs murmur against me. Hoary old politicians like Halsbu gibe and ridicule me. Austen Chamberlain, whom I have always regarded as a son—at least, so far as it is possible for a bachelor to regard any creature in that way—has flouted me. And F. E. Smith has ostentatiously published his revolt from my leadership by taking his seat below the gangway."

"Yes, yes," I said, a trifle, impatiently. "All that is common knowledge. But what does it all amount to when it is weighed up?"

"Amount to?" cried Mr. Balfour, passionately, springing to his feet and knocking his head against an overhanging bough; "it amounts to this—that I am no longer the unquestioned leader of the Unionist party. I have been told to retire. Paper after paper—even the *Referee*—tells me I must go. 'Balfour must go!' haunts me in my dreams at night, and dins in my ears by day."

Flinging his arms wide with a gesture of unutterable despair, Mr. Balfour dropped heavily into his seat.

"But I will not be deposed without a fight!" he continued in ringing tones, rising again suddenly, and clenching his fists with passion. "I'll teach these youngsters there is life in the old dog yet. Some of them will smart for the indignities that have been heaped upon me! I was not called Bloody Balfour in Ireland for nothing. Once my dander is fairly riz—well, just wait and see," concluded the enraged politician in significant tones.

"But how does all this personal feeling affect the country?" I asked.

"The country?—Which country? I'm not talking about any country, I'm speaking of the Unionist party. I have been scorned and rejected by mutinous subalterns, and I—I—don't like it," was the rather lame conclusion of Mr. Balfour's heated speech.

"And the country doesn't like it either," I added. "These domestic squabbles of party politicians which are so rife just now, are having at least one useful effect—they are making the man in the street more and more sick of the sorry game of party politics. He is beginning to look with contempt upon the Unionist party, which has no clearly expressed principles, and with loathing upon the Liberal-Radical party, whose chief characteristics are jobbery, cant, and humbug. The man in the street doesn't care a baker's blast whether Balfour goes, F. E. Smith sulks, or Austen Chamberlain champs the bit. He wants to see a Business Government running the British Empire on business lines. True enough, you have lost prestige in certain quarters, but you will recover it with compound interest the moment you declare your belief in the business idea, and sever yourself from the shackles of party."

"But I am not a business man," pleaded Mr. Balfour.

"Then take my word for it, sooner or later you will go—for good," I declared.

"JOHN BULL'S" MONTHLY CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER.

1.—F. *St. Giles' Day.*—Partridge shooting begins.—Giles busy picking them up.—Salmon close time begins.—Open time for the tinned variety commences.

2.—S. Board of Trade constituted, 1756.—Mr. Sydney Buxton wishes it never had been.—Geo. R. Sims, one of the Lights of London, born 1847.—Great Fire of London, another of the Lights, 1666.

3.—S. Battle of Dunbar, 1670.—Stands Scotland where she did?

4.—M. French Republic proclaimed, 1870.—The famous *coup de tit-for-tat.*

5.—Tu. *Mrs. Bull* published.—Malta captured, 1800; the first recorded making of the Maltese cross.

6.—W. *Lotinga's Weekly* published.—Scottish Rebellion commenced at Perth, 1745.—Scots wae hae, and do other strange things in celebration of the event.

7.—Th. JOHN BULL published.—Each purchaser hopes his will prove to be the millionth copy.—Plans for the disposal of the £500 prize begin to be made.

8.—F. Revising Barristers open Revision Courts; voters are struck off and voters are put on; and so the bad old party game is kept going for a little while longer.

9.—S. Last day for objections to voters.—Every day goes for objections to the effete party system.

10.—S. Ranji born, 1872.—The Sussex C.C., low down on the list of averages, and equally down in the mouth.

11.—M. Battle of Malplaquet, 1709.—Death of the plaquet-hole and victory of the hobble skirt, 1909.

12.—Tu. *Mrs. Bull* published.—Thereby hangs a tabloid tale.—Mr. Asquith born, 1852.—Mr. John Redmond presents him with his [Mr. A.'s] portrait in oils, depicting the Prime Minister in the act of "toeing the line."

Mr. Asquith, when nobody is looking, toes the picture.

13.—W. *Lotinga's Weekly* published.—Capture of Quebec, 1759.—*Is* Canada worth keeping?

14.—Th. JOHN BULL published.—Holy Cross Day. Some of "J. B.'s" Open Letters make certain persons unholily cross.

15.—F. Ex-President of Mexico born, 1830.

A certain Porforio Diaz,
Whose methods one scarcely admires,
Must be in the air,
For the papers declare
He has just joined the army of "flyers."

16.—S. Post Office Savings Bank opened, 1861.—So long as Mr. Herbert Samuel remains Postmaster-General depositors may rest quite easy as to the safety of their investments. He comes of a race thoroughly experienced in high finance.

17.—S. A mole arrested at Bournemouth for burrowing on the Sawbath.

18.—M. Dr. Johnson born, 1709, and Owen Seaman born 1861.—From the sublime to the —er—The Australian Commonwealth proclaimed 1900.

19.—Tu. *Mrs. Bull* published.—Sir William Hesketh Lever born, 1851.

He made those wash who never washed before,
And those who sometimes washed now wash the more.

20.—W. *Lotinga's Weekly* published.—"Tip"-top!

21.—Th. JOHN BULL published.—Still feeling bumps.

22.—F. Ember Day.—Eustace Miles born, 1868.—Ye ox lifteth up his voice in praise, and ye young lamb skippeth with joy.—The great exponent of vegetarianism celebrates the occasion by cracking a nut with a few friends.

23.—S. Ember Day.—Mr. Eustace Miles' friends, rubbing their stomachs with soothing liniments, call it Remember Day.

24.—S. Autumn begins at 4.0 o'clock in the morning.—The first Christmas number appears.

25.—M. London Sheriffs sworn in.—Next morning, after the banquet, London Sheriffs worn out.

26.—Tu. *Mrs. Bull* published.

27.—W. *Lotinga's Weekly* published.

28.—Th. JOHN BULL published.—[The three last items are of sufficient public importance without the addition of further announcements.—ED.].

29.—F. Quarter Day, known on this occasion as Black Friday.

30.—S. St. Jerome's Day.—Jerome K. Jerome blushes.

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J.B. 2.9.11.

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THIMBLE-RIGGING AT CHESTER INFIRMARY.

By Our Special Commissioner.

AN OLD CITY'S ANCIENT METHODS.—AN IRREGULAR MEETING.—STRONG ACTION OF THE BOARD.—SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

The ancient city of Chester has reverted in many respects to the methods adopted at the time when its walls were in their pristine glory. Municipal elections are practically an unknown quantity; they are all arranged on the Party system, and worked on the principle, "You pat my back and I'll pat yours." The rates are going up out of all proportion to the rateable value. The ratepayers have held town's meetings, protesting against the juggling with official salaries, which some of the City Fathers thought insufficient, notwithstanding that poverty is so rife in the city that hundreds of summonses have to be issued before the rates can be got in.

But the city has suddenly distinguished itself in the way of management of the Infirmary, and has brought down upon its hoary head the contumely of every medical and nursing journal in the kingdom.

AN IRREGULAR MEETING DOES THE TRICK.

It appears that a meeting of the Hospital Board was held, which, if not altogether irregular (one of its members calls it illegal), was at any rate very badly attended. Nothing of any great importance was on the agenda, and although the Board knew that there had been a few trivial complaints, it had been notified that pending the enforced absence of the chairman they were to remain in abeyance. Those that did turn up, however, seized the opportunity, and called upon Miss Addis, the Lady Superintendent, to resign her position, without, it is said, telling her the nature of the complaint against her and giving her a chance to refute the charges.

STRONG ACTION OF THE BOARD.

Now, I have been a member of a hospital board myself, and I know a little about the dodges of members who have a grievance, but I must admit that the action of the Chester clique is just about the limit for high-handed officialism. I am informed that no notice had been given that such a sweeping change was to be advocated, and, as I have already said, nothing referring to it was on the agenda of the meeting. If this is true, it is about the most flagrant bit of hanky-panky work on record. It was promptly met by what I am sure was a totally unexpected demonstration on the part of the staff. The Chairman of the Board resigned his position, as also did the Assistant Matron, some five or six nursing sisters, and one or two nurses.

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

I should like to ask the members of the Board who are responsible for this bit of juggling the following questions:—

It is a fact that the matter was not on the agenda of the meeting? And that, even when the allegations came to light, they were proved to be mainly untrue, and the rest trivial?

Why a proper enquiry was not ordered, instead of a hole-and-corner farce, especially as the lady had an unbroken series of excellent references, extending over a long number of years, and including one from St. Thomas' Hospital?

Do the Board expect that any reputable Superintendent will consent to serve under them?

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

PRISON-MADE JOURNALISTS.

(Governors of prisons in Ireland will allow prisoners of superior education to write notes for study or literary work, and an illustrated weekly publication will be circulated for their benefit.)

To prison-made goods ev'ry trade has objected,
So cheap in the market they're offered for sale;
Now blacklegs in prison write serial stories,
And "Fashions and Frocks" will be offered from gaol!

MEN MAKE THE FASHIONS.

(The dressmakers of Paris—all men—are now settling the new "models" for the coming season, and no new frock will be considered correct till their decison is made known.)

'Tis idle for woman to strive against man,
He handicaps her in a manner unfair;
She thought that in dresses the field was her own,
But the brute even settles what woman must wear.

RICARDO.

ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS.

By W. M.

Beneathe
Thys cairne
Of
Stones and brickbats
Are hidde
Ye remains of
James Keir Hardie,
Whoo longge troubled ye earth
Inne ye capacitie of
An
AGITATOR.
Born Anno Domini 1856
Inne Scotlande
[To ye lastynge discredyt of thatte countrie].
Hee
Worked inne ye coal mines
From hys seventh till hys twentie-fourth yeare.
So far alle was welle;
Butte,
Dislykynge hard werke
And
Seeynge a chance of obtaynynge an
Easier jobbe,
Hee
Persuaded ye easilie deluded electors
Of
SOUTH WEST HAM
To send hym to ye House of Commons
As a Labour Member,
Anno Domini 1892
[Becomynge later Member for Merthyr-Tydvil].
Hee hadde now achieved one of hys chief ambitions, to wit,
To lyve inne comfort on ye ill-spared coppers
Of ye vast armie of toylers,
Ostensiblie with ye praiseworthie purpose
Of betterynge theyre
Lotte.
Atte ye same tyme hee tooke care
To better hys own little lotte,
Ye whyche hee didde
To suche goode purpose
Thatte hee was enabled
Anno Domini 1907
To make an extended voyage to
India and Australia.
Inn India
Hee inflamed ye myndes of ye ignorante natyves
Wyth seditious speeches,
Incytynge them to violence and revolte,
for ye whyche
Hee was called severelie to accompt
By ye British Publick throughout alle ye worlde.
Returnynge to Englande
Hee tooke an inacktyve, butte none ye less reprehensible, part
Inne ye disgraceful riots
Atte Tonypandy
And Llanelly.
Finallie soe sickenynge ye Liberal Partie
Thatte one of ye Leaders thereof gave hym a well-deserved
Wiggynge
Inne ye House of Commons,
Anno Domini 1911.

For ever readie to incyte a rowe,
One knowne as James Keir Hardie lies belowe;
Thatte is, hys *bodie* doth, butte where hys *soule*
Wee shalle notte knowe till Peter calls ye rolle.
Thatte itt bee found inne Heaven is scarcelie lyke,
Else alle ye angels would bee out on stryke;
Whyles shoulde Old Nyck admitt hym into Helle,
Ye devyls soone woulde bee on stryke as welle!
Therefore, Keir Hardie's soule, itt is assumed,
Has beene bye some meanes utterlie consumed!

SPECIAL NOTICE TO WOMEN READERS.

See panel on outside cover of this Journal.

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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

Music Halls.

It is intensely amusing to read with what obstinate persistency some critics of to-day insist upon dating the history of the music-hall stage as commencing from five to eight years ago. Before that time I presume, according to them, it was all slush and nonsense. Beyond the limit of a dozen twelvemonths all was a myth, a fable, a fairy story! There was no such thing as a music-hall or a fine variety house until now. The people to discover what the public wants are those in managerial existence at this moment. Presently we shall be told that Shakespeare was unknown to our ancestors, but has only just been unearthed for our benefit and that Charles Kean, Henry Irving, and their predecessors are mere phantoms of our imagination.

Is due credit never to be given to founders of great schemes? Will those who follow in the footsteps of workers who have toiled so incessantly, and have undoubtedly succeeded in bringing about the reform they have laboured for, be invariably forgotten?

Believe me, it is not to any single management *of to-day* that the evolution of the music-hall was brought about, but the brow on which the crown of triumph should always remain unforgotten is that of the "Grand Old English Gentleman" Charles Morton. Yes, Charles Morton was the veritable father of the music-halls, the earliest specimen of this kind of "singing-room" being at the Canterbury Hall just off Westminster Bridge Road. It was here that finding the music and entertainment so excellent Mr. Morton was petitioned to allow the wives and daughters of the tradesmen and artisans who frequented the place to accompany them. Even in those days Charles Morton aimed at the very highest branch of the tree, and induced Sims Reeves to accept twelve hundred pounds a month to come and sing a song at his hall every night. After the Canterbury Hall came the Oxford, built also by Mr. Morton and his partner Mr. Stanley. There may still be some Londoners left who can remember the charming operatic selections which delighted the public and kept the atmosphere of the music-hall pure before the reign of the "Lion Comique" and the persistent persecution by the theatrical trade.

Charles Morton, Mr. Weston and others who were in dead earnest over their work, and firmly persuaded that what was required was in one word "variety" and that at the cheapest cost to their patrons, determined to overcome every obstacle in their way, and achieve their aim. They said to themselves, "We do not think our people require lengthy stage plays, or dramas, or sustained efforts in dramatic composition, but they want what the French call 'saynettes,' or short scenes—everything by turns and nothing long, sometimes fun and occasionally pathos."

Then was commenced a series of prosecutions, and the magistrates were called upon to decide "What is a stage play?" within the meaning of the Act.

Nothing daunted Mr. Morton though, who shortly, after a great deal of fuss, was induced to accept the management of the Tivoli. From there—his brow already fringed with the silver threads of age—Augustus Harris, if I remember rightly, persuaded the veteran chief to undertake the vast task of turning the present Palace Theatre of Varieties from an utter failure into what it has now become.

I am sure Mr. Alfred Butt, the present managing-director of the Palace, who worked shoulder to shoulder with Charles Morton, will be the very first to acknowledge all that is due to his kind old friend, and that it was under the "Grand Old Man's" management that Lewis Waller first recited on the music-hall stage, and subsequently many other theatrical stars twinkled on the Palace platform too, and that again it was Charles Morton who originally introduced the living pictures to our astonished eyes.

Since Mr. Morton's death, many beautiful halls have burst into life, but to this day the Palace remains unrivalled and at the head of the long list of variety houses. The same old wars have been perpetually waging between music-hall proprietors and theatrical managers, but little result has come.

Mr. Reginald Davis, the actor-athlete, who made such a great hit as the fighting man in "The House of Temperley," is this week facing the music on his own at the South London Palace. If the opinion of Freddie Welsh, ex-light weight champion, counts for anything—and he should be something of an authority—patrons of music halls can see in "Jem's Last Fight," "the best bare-knuckle fight I have ever seen done on the stage."

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The principle which turns food into solid flesh has been found, analysed and reproduced in tablet form for all to take.

The chronically thin are generally hearty eaters. Many a man with a bay window, eats less than some withered up shrimp with hips like two oyster shells nailed to a board.

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Give a thin scraggy woman the power to assimilate her food properly and in a fortnight she may develop a rounded figure which will be the admiration of passers-by. Let any fat and happy-go-lucky business man lose this power to assimilate his food and in a short time his clothes will hang in festoons upon his emaciated frame.

During the past ten or twelve months some very convincing tests have been made with a new treatment. It seems to contain what might be called the active principle of assimilation. Its record as a fat and tissue builder has been so remarkable that arrangements are now being made with leading papers whereby all readers can have an opportunity to test this new discovery free of charge.

The name Sargol has been given to this new preparation. By using it you may quickly become plump, strong and hearty. The food you eat will be turned into firm, healthy tissue, red blood, bone and muscle, and will not pass unassimilated from the system as formerly.

Take Sargol and you can eat anything and everything in reason, and you will be free from fits of the blues, can hold up your head and meet the world with a smiling face.

No one knows the mortification that thin persons suffer but they themselves. Thin folks get the sneers and rebuffs. Scraggy men never look like real money, and they are crowded aside in the race for success. Thin women are pushed up against the wall and left there. It is seldom that a skinny woman is very popular.

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Issued on account of John Bull.

GOOD FOR TEN DAYS.

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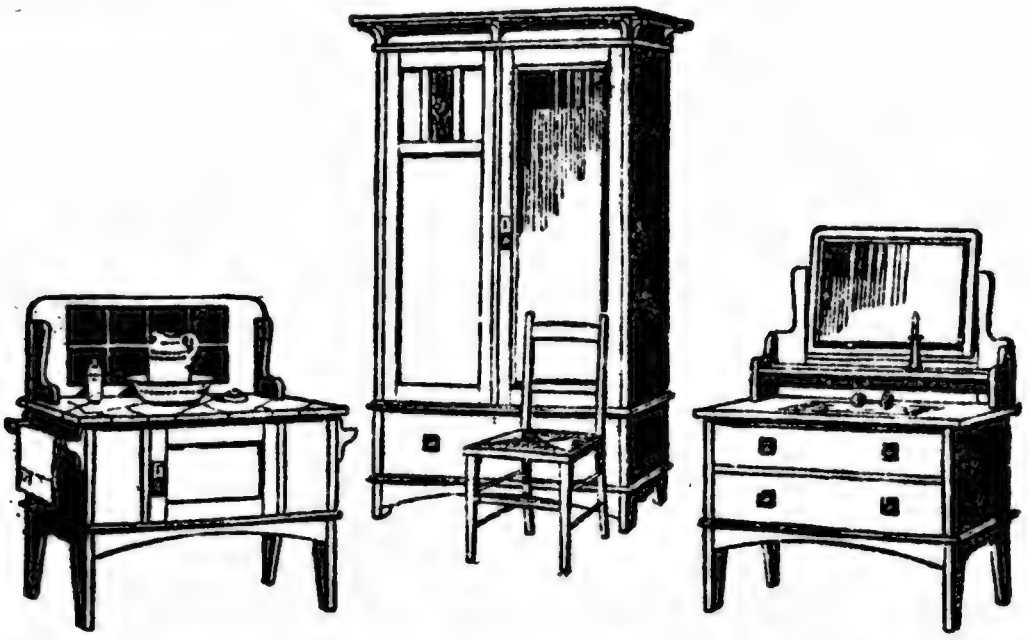
CATALOGUE AUTUMN 1911.

We have just published our latest Catalogue containing over 2,000 illustrations, which deals minutely with every detail for complete house furnishing. Upon application we shall be pleased to post this free.

MODEL FLATS. We have completely redecorated and refurnished the whole of our Model Flats and Specimen Rooms, and we respectfully invite an inspection of these. They will show at a glance how artistically the home can be furnished from £50 to £1,000.



Pretty oak Bedroom Suite, comprising wardrobe, dressing chest, washstand and 2 rush seat chairs **£5 12 6**

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Country Customers' fares paid to Town on all orders of £30 and upwards.

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HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Six doors from the Holborn Restaurant and Holborn Station (G.N., P. & B. Rly.), 1 minute from British Museum Station (Central London Railway), and 3 minutes from Oxford Street.

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Isn't a "Man Wanted" for the political "situation"?
Will Home Rule come to "pass"?
Won't high rates for railway travel make the public irate?
Aren't the railway companies making a "fare" profit as it is?
Isn't a "cession" more welcome than a "session" nowadays?
How can the tramwaymen "strike" if they stop "punching"?
Aren't things "taken too easily" at the Paris Louvre?
Is King Manuel now considering "ways and means"?
Won't dearer tobacco mean more "fuming"?
Weren't Kent sent "hopping" at the Oval?
Is the aeroplane post another *Mail* enterprise?

The strike is settled, we are given to understand. Possibly, but that doesn't mean it is paid for.

An electric tramcar burst into flames at Shepherd's Bush recently. The pace must have been too hot.

They are using dynamite in New Jersey to kill mosquitoes. How much it takes for each insect is not stated.

"Unionist Fighting Policy," we read. We thought it had "run out."

"Tact is the knack of keeping quiet at the right time," says G. H. Lorimer. Then no burglar should be without it.

China is to have living picture palaces. They will call them Ah Sinemas, we presume.

We are not surprised that there is to be a "lingerie revival," for frills are always sure of a show.

"Girl in a Cupboard," reads a headline. Was that the only way they could shut her up?

Keir Hardie denies that he has been in a motor accident. The papers which made the statement must now say they are sorry.

A Jamaica man has died through giving up smoking to please his wife. She must now try "weeds" herself.

"You can make a Frenchman thirsty by writing about wine," says Mr. Filson Young. Dry literature.

The Croydon man who got three months' hard for stealing gas might have pleaded that it was only a "light" offence.

Fred Record has failed to swim the Channel. The only record beaten was Fred.

The pike caught in Huntingdonshire, which contained a fish and a moorhen, was evidently interrupted at dinner. A little later the sweets and cheese would have been found also.

"Shopping in Bathing Costumes," we read. Only for bare necessities, we presume.

Edison was disappointed in the House of Commons "because there was not enough excitement." He ought to know that the fighting there is all talk.

"To be a great patriot in these days requires a great digestion," says Mrs. John Lane. Yes, one must swallow a lot of unpleasant things.

A French dairyman who charged high prices, had his eggs smashed over him. The women made an eggsample of him.

"Clergymen Act as Stokers," says a headline. Well, it's their duty to make things warm for sinners.

"The Earthen Drum"—the title of a new book—does not sound as if it would make much noise in the world.

Over 30,000 more people visited the British Museum in 1910 than in 1909. The weather in 1910 was very bad.

The thief who stole an aeroplane at St. Louis must have wanted something to go on with.

Chinese bacon is now being sold in Ireland as "Continental." We wouldn't give a "continental" for it.

"Brush Derails Railway Coach," a morning paper tells us. Swept it off the line, no doubt.

H. F. Mulla, the Indian cricketer, recently hit 53 runs in 17 minutes. The bowlers thought him a bit of a Mad Mulla.

If, as is stated, the seaside girl cares for nothing but her clothes, she has, at least, reduced worry to a minimum.

Owing to a water famine, Paris is using soda water to wash in. The mineral water manufacturers think it's high fun.

A quick oven—*Express* cooking.

A key which unlocks a thousand doors has been stolen. Looks like the pick of the bunch.

A woman at Reading attributed her failure to the hobble skirt. A tight fit and a bust up.

Mr. Roosevelt has received at his offices a full grown lion, a gift from an admirer. This is being lion-ised with a vengeance.

Statements by Physicians.

A Matter of Public Interest.

Practising physicians, as is well known, will not recommend any production or proprietary article of whose merit they are not fully convinced. That is why so many "testimonials from physicians" are viewed with scepticism by the present-day public. Furthermore, even in the case of genuine testimony from doctors, professional etiquette forbids the publication of their names.

It is therefore of the greatest interest to discover a series of actual statements made by doctors. Such is the case with the following declarations which prominent, practising British physicians have made during the last twelve months:—

MY OWN FAMILY.

"I shall never advise anything but Hall's Wine for tonic purposes so long as I find its standard is maintained. I use it a good deal for elderly people who could not stand an adulterated or inferior wine. I use it in my own family, and, in fact, occasionally take it myself."

(Interview W. 262—9th Feb., 1911.)

ANÆMIA.

"Besides being especially effective as a tonic in post influenza and in convalescence generally, I have used it with good results in anæmia. It undoubtedly disposes the patient to make a better attempt with her food and conduces to assimilation."

DEBILITY AND CONVALESCENCE.

"Hall's Wine is the only thing of the sort I advise. I get most satisfactory results from it in general cases of debility, also in convalescence—particularly post influenza cases."

(Interview W. 237.—2nd Feb., 1911.)

POST INFLUENZA CASES.

"I do not use stimulants much, but in post influenza cases, if the patient's condition allows of alcohol, I advise a little Hall's Wine. I do not recognise any other tonic wine."

(Interview W. 238.—6th Feb., 1911.)

AFTER INFLUENZA, AND IN ANY CONVALESCENCE.

"I try every tonic wine which comes to my notice, but I do not find any to equal Hall's; I consider it the soundest wine of this character on the market. I find it of most use in post influenza cases, but in any case of convalescence in which a stimulant is permissible I use Hall's Wine."

(Interview W. 241—5th Dec., 1910.)

A PERSONAL TEST.

"I had frequently advised Hall's Wine in convalescence, but had never made a personal test of it until recently, when I was laid up with influenza. I then realised the extent of its tonic properties. It enabled me to get about again much more quickly than I should have with ordinary medicaments."

(Interview W. 239—6th Feb., 1911.)

A VERY GOOD FRIEND.

"Hall's Wine is a very good friend of mine. For years I have been a martyr to influenza. I get it in almost any sort of weather, and Hall's Wine has given me a 'leg up' many a time, and enabled me to resume my work after a very short lay up."

(Interview W. 240—17th March, 1911.)

EXPECTATIONS EXCEEDED.

"I have been advising Hall's Wine for about twelve months whenever I had a case needing a tonic, and I may say that the results have been much more satisfactory than I had been led to expect."

(Interview W. 233.—21st Nov., 1910.)

ALWAYS RELIABLE.

"Whenever a case needs a stimulant I advise Hall's Wine. I have always found it reliable in quality, and specific in results. I consider it a standard preparation."

(Interview W. 206—21st Dec., 1910.)

The above statements having been voluntarily made to our interviewer, he has made a Sworn Declaration before a Commissioner for Oaths that they are true and accurate statements in all particulars. The interviews have been numbered because of the already-mentioned reasons for the omission of the physicians' names.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and only those of general interest will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENCE is increasing steadily. In future, we will disregard any letter which is not duly authenticated, with name and address, which may be given in strict confidence.

FORWARDING LETTERS, ETC.—Our correspondence is growing so enormously that we have to discourage all idea of PUTTING OUR READERS INTO COMMUNICATION WITH ONE ANOTHER. *If the practice grew, we should want an extra staff of clerks, fresh offices, and Jim Crow to keep the peace.*

"CYMRO" says sixty kinds of *wine* are mentioned *in the Bible*. What about beer and the Bible?

G. T. (Herne Bay).—It is quite possible that *vaccination* increases the number of cases of influenza and appendicitis by tampering with the lymphatic system. And we don't even know that it keeps off small-pox. Improved sanitary conditions are much more likely to be responsible for the improvement.

"HUCK FINN."—If your grammatical enquiry was not deemed of *general interest* 3 months ago, why repeat it now? It has not improved with age.

T. B. (Edinburgh).—We said in an article that we could not take the responsibility of recommending any *cure for consumption*.

A. M. S. (Inverness).—James VI. and I. was quite right. It is much *easier to make a lord than a lady*. You see a lord need not be a gentleman.

T. B. (Seaforth).—*Queen* Victoria could scarcely have had "Omne *Rex*" on her coins, though one does sometimes hear of blunders on inscriptions.

"JOHNNY BULL" (Pittsburg, U.S.A.).—If we started exposing cases of *cant and injustice in America*, we should soon have room for nothing else.

"THE REV." (Southend-on-Sea) wants a series of articles on *the working of a Business Government*. But it would work itself, once we had business measures and business men.

W. H. G. (Holloway).—We cannot give *ex parte decisions*. If you were given a false character you can go to law. We fear the defendant would not submit to our jurisdiction.

P. H. B. (Blakeney).—We have often dealt with the action of parsons in deprecating *artificial wreaths* on graves.

J. B. (Kensington) wants a *general election* and a referendum *through the Post Office*. What a lot of personation there would be! Why not through the looking-glass?

L. G. G. (Old Brompton Road) is a *Yankee* who *objects to paying income-tax* over here, and calls it a high-handed proceeding. What about Englishmen who are robbed by the Yankee Customs? If he is not satisfied, he can stay away.

"SIMPLETON" (Bradford) sends us a specimen of *printer's pie* and asks what it would be *in Welsh*. Much the same, perhaps.

J. S. (Lower Edmonton) is annoyed because the *local papers did not report* the case of a woman alleged to have taken poison when drunk. Perhaps it was not of general interest. Anyhow, we are opposed to the publication of private matters by the public press.

"SOUTHSEA."—It sounds as though you had been badly treated, but we dare not interfere between a *man and his tailor*. If it had been your wife!

F. B. (S. Wales).—We never heard the theory that, *when a King dies*, the Lord Mayor takes his place for 24 hours. "Le Roi est mort: Vive le Roi!" In other words Kings never die.

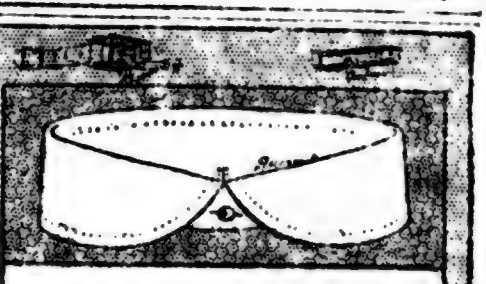
L. L. (London, E.).—Violent and *unprovoked assaults by village constables* are so unusual that we must have further evidence before taking up the case. Why not write to the Home Secretary? What had your friend taken to quench his thirst?

A. C. H. (Brimscombe).—Your son will not easily get a *job in the Bank of England* unless he has influence. Why not try him at party politics?

T. H. B. (Birmingham).—It sounds unfair of the *receiver* to *withhold pensions* from old servants who contributed towards them for years. But we suppose they rank as ordinary creditors. The Bankruptcy laws certainly want revision.

E. S. (Chelsea).—The yarn about the man who embarked on a ship "built of oak *grown from acorns he had himself planted*" certainly requires corroboration.

(*Continued on page* 346.)



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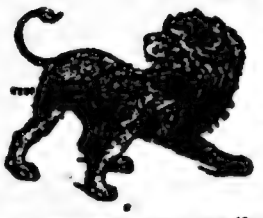
NERVE FORCE



If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY and you feel weak, worn out or jaded, send 4d. for my book on "NERVOUS BREAKDOWN," and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess. This book not only contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the health and regain strength when lost, but points out the best means of restoring Exhausted Vitality, Poverty of Nerve Force, Mental Depression, and will especially interest those who wish to create Vitality, increase Nerve Stamina, renew the Vital Forces, or fortify the system for great intellectual or physical exertion. Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by **CHARLES GORDON, No. 62, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.** (Copyright.)

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Please mention JOHN BULL when writing for lists.

WATSON'S "BLUE BAND" WHISKY

"RIGHT v. MIGHT" thought it very *unlucky* when P.C. 13 grabbed him by the collar and thrust him into the road. Anyhow he won't forget the number if he wants to lodge a complaint.

S. A. J. P. (Derry).—We have no interest in the firm you name, but the mere facts that customers get good value and shareholders receive 50 per cent. do not prove that the employees are ill-used. As you have no other reason to *suspect sweating*, why ask us to investigate? We should have to start a fresh staff to spy on all prosperous firms.

F. S. W. (Brighton) tells us of *an easy way to deal with advertising tricksters*. Directly they default, all you have to do is to write to the proprietors of the paper, in which they are advertised, and to the Chief Constable of the town where they trade. But other readers have tried this plan in vain.

X. Y. Z. (Paddington) says a *moneylender* tried *to snatch fees* from him. So he called in a policeman and made him disgorge all but 6d. But why pay fees in the first instance?

E. G. S. (Castle Eden) says you can make *love and a fortune* at the same time if you make love to someone who possesses a fortune. But that is not real love-making. Sometimes it even leads to misfortune. Anyhow, our bull's-eyes should not be taken too seriously.

P. W. W. (Madras) asks nine long questions on all sorts of subjects. We can't think of the answer to "Have we better drink or worse *drink* since the rise in price?" But we are interested to hear that an *anti-spitting* notice in the streets of Sunderland "accounts for the more or less shifty appearance of some of the inhabitants, who are probably en route for the country on that purpose."

Dr. W. S. (Bunduran, Donegal) complains that the great Press of this country, keeps silent with regard to his poems, though he hopes he shall never abuse the *gift of the Muses*. This in justice must certainly be remedied at once, so here goes for a specimen of the Doctor's melody and versatility:—

Come my fairy, come along,
Come along with me;
Unto yonder grove and bower,
Come my Fay with me;
Singing there unto their mates,
The pretty birds you'll see,
If you come with me,
If you come with me.

The invitation must have proved impossible to resist.

S. L. (Birmingham) says hundreds and thousands of ex-army and navy men are working as *postmen* for 15s. 9d. a week. He wants the odd 9d. to be knocked off, so that the public might get post-cards below their face value.

H. N. (Southend) says the public spend £2,422,800 a year on *patent medicine*, and that the State revenue for stamp duties thereon is £334,141 19s. As a shilling's worth of pills costs only about a farthing to produce, he thinks the duties might be increased to 50 per cent. Why not to a 100 or a 1,000?

H. P. (Leek) alarms us by the opening of his letter. "Just a word in your ear," he says. Oh, Lord! bux! Does the man want to deafen us? "I have been a regular reader of your invaluable journal since its inception." Well, he need not make such a noise about it. He is not the only one by a long chalk. However, he is quite right to scream against *tipsters* who advertise winners which they have never sent out.

"ONE OF THE MEMBERS" (Dirleton) complains of the behaviour of a minister in *photographing* some territorials *after* their *church parade*. What a truly terrible offence! Where is your Scottish Sawbath the noo?

H. L. (Crewe) walked from London to Wolverhampton, back to London and then to Crewe in a vain *search for work*. Surely it would have been simpler to consult the Labour Exchange first?

J. R. (Sunderland) relates a very unsatisfactory experience with a *patent* and certainly seems to have a good case for action. Inventors ought to combine to support one another.

"ANOTHER MERE CURATE" says an *archdeacon* who is a very able man, is *not overpaid* with £1,600 a year, as he would have made much more if he had gone to the Bar. Why didn't he?

W. G. (Rotherhithe).—According to our latest information, there is no immediate prospect of *London being captured by aliens*. The German Emperor, however, did storm many hearts.

C. P. (London, N.W.) earns £5 a week as a *tailor's cutter*. He answered an advertisement of a job *in Canada* and was offered 50s. a week out there if he would pay his own fare and not require an agreement.

G. H. P. (London, S.E.) says a house is advertising for *waistcoat-hands* but has been discharging employees on the pretext of "no work." This sounds fishy but may only be a polite excuse.

"INQUIRER" (Liverpool) has heard that an English plain *cook* can earn 50s. or 60s. a week *in New York*, but she had better make quite sure before she starts out. And what about the cost of living there?

E. P. K. (Deptford) thinks it unfair that *tax-gatherers* should send out *advertisements* of their business *with receipts for taxes*. We do not know whether there is any regulation against this.

R. O. H. (Dow).—We are glad you do pity your poor Editor. When a Daylight Saving Bill gives us 144 hours to the day we will try to begin to wrestle with your *arithmetical problem*. Meanwhile, we have given it to Jim Crow, who has retired to a padded cell to work it out. The office cat caught sight of a portion of it and now roams the house-tops with straws in its fur.

A. L. S. (Islington).—We never heard that *Lord Beaconsfield* disliked the *primrose*. His only reference to it was that he had heard it made very good salad.

E. R. M. M. (Sutton) came home from the Continent late one *night* and *could not get into his house* because the bell had gone wrong, so he went to the police station, but was refused accommodation and not even allowed to leave his bag. The consequence was that he had to spend the night out of doors and caught a bad cold. If he had broken a window he would probably have been accommodated. But why didn't he pretend to be asleep?—then he would have been run in for "sleeping out."

M. B. (Maidstone) says dumb animals are ill-treated in the coal mines and ought to be inspected, some of them being stone blind and others having to work day and night.

"MACCLESFIELD."—No doubt it is very improper of an *employer* to force all his hands to attend his particular *chapel* on Sundays on pain of instant dismissal, but we suppose he would reply that he is entitled to impose his own conditions.

"ENQUIRER" (Bow).—We rather mistrust people who call themselves "The Public Benefit Society" in order to obtain customers for *cheap teeth*.

A. R. (Hoye) wants legislation to prevent *consumptives* from *kissing* people on the lips.

W. G. P. Y. (Brighton) wants to know the date of *the abolition of slavery*, as he thinks his work as a porter calls for emancipation.

C. A. (Charing Cross Road) relates quite a *chapter of accidents*. He saw a taxi-cab skid right across the road and hit a refuge in the middle. Then a four-in-hand with all four horses struggling on the ground. Further on was a cab with the horse down, and also a pair-horse van with both horses down. He says this was all due to the watering of the road, which he thinks ought to be delayed until after people have come away safely from the theatres.

J. S. (Nottingham) writes: "It is no matter whether I go to church or chapel I allways have *Large Hats* in front of me no wonder so few men go as it allways anoy when you can't see the clergyman." Surely it is quite enough to hear him.

"GAMBA" (Harlesden) suggests a *new form of swindling* which had escaped us too long. All we have to do is to steal a blank cheque, fill it in for £5, and pay it in to our account with the Post Office Savings Bank. Then we can go to any Post Office and obtain £1 on demand. Mr. Samuel may not be a good judge of postage stamps, but he is not such a fool as our correspondent suggests; in fact, it takes about a week to clear a cheque through the P.O., during which the sum cannot be drawn upon.

"QUERIENS" (Dublin).—We are growing tired of enquiries about the silly society called *The Islanders*. Why should anyone want to pay half-a-crown to belong to it?

J. M. (Perak) warns our readers that the *Federated Malay States* are not "a sort of health resort." He says there is cholera out there and money does not go half as far as it does here.

A. E. H. (Watford).—We wish you had been able to condense your letter, as some of it sounds rather amusing. As far as we can make out, you were *in arrears with instalments* on your furniture, you came home and found it being taken away, they read you "there notice of seazur" and threatened to do you "a injoury," whereupon you "collared the Head man By the collar," and as you were a cripple the two thought you would be "a Easy Handful, But the neabours Declare they know nothing and are nothing." We are sorry your courage led to your arrest and fear you consequently fell into bad company.

G. B. (Stoke-on-Trent) asks why *co-operative societies* never have to pay income-tax.

[We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.]

I.C.S.

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Famous men tell how you *can* do it.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Desborough, K.C.V.O., President of the London Chamber of Commerce, the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Ward, K.C.M.G., Premier of New Zealand—the land where the lowliest worker can rise to the highest position—and Mr. G. H. Roberts, Chief Whip of the Labour Party in England, a labour leader who knows the difficulties of rising from the ranks—each addressed a vast assembly of "worker" students at the Festival of Empire on June 17th, 1911, and paid magnificent tribute to I.C.S. home-study, salary-raising methods.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

(" *Double V. L.*" of LOTINGA'S WEEKLY *and* "*Maggie*" *of* THE GLOBE.)

£100 for our Foreign Readers.

All the competitions in *Lotinga's Weekly* confined to those resident abroad, and especially in far-off English colonies, have taken enormously, and a St. Leger competition has now been promoted. £100 is offered for naming the first three in the St. Leger, or failing its being won, a consolation prize for whoever is nearest. There must be many who have relatives or friends abroad, and I would ask everybody to endeavour to find some sportsman away from home to whom they can post that paper on, for even in the remotest district every Englishman knows of the St. Leger in September and of the entries which have been public property for more than a year, and which are in every book of form and calendar pertaining to sport.

The Mainstay of Racing.

It is, perhaps, during the present quiet period of racing that the conviction is most strongly driven home as to its being the little paying public who really keep racing going. At crowded meetings, when all the enclosures are full, little attention is paid to the fact that the silver ring is packed. But at all seasons, the whole year round, whatever the sport or weather or surroundings, the "silver tank," as it is popularly termed, is always full. In contrast to members' enclosures during the present month, the difference is marked and I hope that all executives will heed this and bear in mind that it is the small punter who deserves every encouragement and arrangement made for his convenience. The last season or two matters in this respect have been enormously bettered.

Medley.

How noticeable it is that horses always seem to win when they have apparently the least possible chance on paper, and probably none at all on form. Reports of meetings are nothing else but expressions of surprise at the improvement of some horses or the upset of previous running.

The ordinary "wheeze" with all regular racegoers is to lunch before racing begins or between the first and second events, but at Ascot nobody thought of lunch except during the specially-arranged-for full hour between two and three o'clock—nemely, after the second race. It is strange how much fashion or usage at certain venues controls everything.

Some owners with even their best horse only have the idea of winning one race a year, and they will wait three-fourths of the season to make the attempt.

The distance of Blackpool's three-year-old events at their September meeting is the uncommon one of 1½ miles and 120 yards, while there are seven and not the usual six flights of hurdles to be jumped.

Prophetic.

When York finishes to-day (Thursday) RATTLEJACK, a strong little colt who stays well, may maintain Col. Hall Walker's wondrous luck in the Gimcrack Stakes, but Corncob is the one he has to beat.

At Gatwick, if BLACK SEA, now in the Sellings, runs, as is probable, he is worth supporting, for he will always be doing his best. But he is an uncertain animal, with a terrible character among all the jockeys who have ridden him, but he must surely be able to win something. The next day little

VALIDE

runs for the Rostrum Handicap, ridden, in all probability, by Bowley, although he will not be able to take advantage of claiming the full allowance. As usual the filly is "out" for all she is worth, and very well, so that if she happens to win at last I want JOHN BULL readers to benefit.

Blackpool's steeplechasing suggests a victory at last for BEDGROVE, on top of the ground, in the International Handicap, whilst at Warwick, before our next issue, HENDRED and GRISINE ought to win their races.

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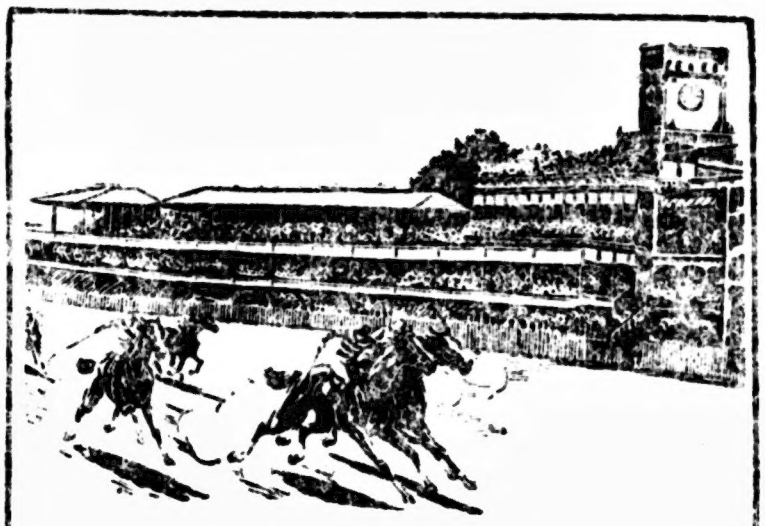

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